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COMBAT OF ENTELLUS AND DARES.

A Burlesque on the Original of Virgil.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY AUGUSTUS APPLEJACK, ESQ.

OLD poppy Æneas, the son of Auchises,
With a knowledge of fighting that often surprises,
Drew forth from his pocket, so capacious and wide,
Two gauntlets of iron, which he gazed at with pride—
With the air of a judge, he took one in each hand,
For various reasons which you'll soon understand.
In the very first place, he just wanted to see
If each glove did, in weight, with the other agree.
And, lastly, he'd heard that "Fair play is a jewel,"
So the proverb he thought should have a renewal.
He had bought them, no doubt, at a pawnbroker's store
Where some one had left them who had used them before—
But still, they seemed to be polished and new,
To the boxers he gave them without much ado.

Then the fighters shake hands—give each other a stare—
And look at their "mawleys" with a knowing-like air.
Now their backers cry "Time!" so they stand on their toe—
First, their heads they draw back from the wind of a blow;
But, quickly recovering and getting excited,
They press on to the fight and their friends are delighted.
One had the advantage, being agile and spry,
But on his youth chiefly did this boxer rely.
Whilst the other, being aged, and sickly, and weak,
Had less strength in his body, but plenty of cheek.
Then, these heroes so brave and these heroes so bold,
The young one, I mean, and the one that was old,
Plant their blows in "posish" with some science and skill,
For each strove his own part in the ring to fulfil.
Like empty beer-hogsheads, both their sides do resound,
And "sloggers" quite heavy, on their "maxzards" abound;
Their "brain-pans" and "optics" suffer torture extreme:
From their "smellers" the "claret" runs forth in a stream.
They might have, no doubt, claimed relationship near
To the reformer of old in those days so drear,
Or the hatter renowned of our own blessed day
Who keeps a large warehouse in muddy Broadway,
From the number of knocks which they gave with their fists—
In their nature, enough to break any man's wrists.

Now Entellus unmoved, tho' he's grizzly and gray,
In the same firm "posish," keeps the other at bay.
To the little man's tactics he thinks himself "fly,"
So he keeps a look out from the "butt" of his eye.
Whilst young Dares like one, having no time to spare,
In a narrow by-lane has encountered a bear,
Tries in vain to escape from a bone-breaking hug,
And, himself, wishes home in his cottage so snug.
Entellus now raises his arm for a "swinger;"
The other, not wishing to feel such a "stinger,"
Soon shifts his position, just to ease him from pain,
For he thinks thatalive he would rather remain.
His forces, Entellus merely spent on the winds;
From the force of his weight and the motion, he finds
That his balance he's lost, which disquiets him so
That headlong on the ground does this champion go:
As when a young fellow, who is out for the night,
Quite under the weather or a little bit tight,
Holds fast to the lamp post to hiccough and mutter
And, relaxing his grasp, finds himself in the gutter.

The youth of the Trojans and of Sicily fair
Then, with boistrous shouts, fling their hats in the air.
On each side of the ring all the bettings run high
And the praise is of both borne aloft to the sky.
Acestes advances with a bottle in haste
And gives old Entellus a pretty good taste.
The hero soon rises, prepared for a tussle,
Determined this time that he'd put forth his muscle.
He's vexed, and he's angry, and his soul is on fire;
He scarce for a moment can restrain from his ire:
He presses on Dares till he flies o'er the plain,
And pelts him, and pelts him, and pelts him again.
As when a good butcher, who is chopping up meat,
Cleaves asunder the bones so that people can eat,
Thus the hero so old and the hero so strong,
With his "bunches of fives" drives the other along
Till the head of young Dares bounds backwards and fro
Like a very good pendulum wound up to go.
Though young Dares might rage and young Dares might foam,
In this kind of encounter he ne'er was at home.
Then Father Æneas puts an end to the fight
And rescues poor Dares, overcome with the fright.
He thinks that Entellus is a regular brick,
Tho' he's fast growing old, still he's good on a lick.
He addresses young Dares in accents so mild
'Twould have made the tears start from the eyes of a child:
"Why, Dares, you coward, just get out of my sight;
You're a pretty one, you, in your pitiful plight:
Vamoose from the field. No excuses—not one—
The combat is finished—Entellus has won!"

His companions bear Dares off to the ship—
No more to Entellus will he dare give his lip.
Tho' by feints and by dodges, he aimed off the blows,
Still Entellus succeeded in smashing his nose.
His "mouth-piece" is damaged and his "optics" are closed:
There's a hole in his "conck" where the brain is exposed.
That he's pretty well licked, let this be the token;
His teeth in their sockets are loosened and broken:
His shattered old "cranium" falls down at the side,
And the blood from his "whistle" pours forth in a tide.
At the sail of Æneas, for the judges they stark,
Take the helmet and sword, make their bow and depart.

Then Father Æneas gives Entellus the prize,
Who is struck with amazement and opens his eyes.
Such a goblet and pitcher he never did see,
So he speaks out, as follows, with rapture and glee:—
"Learn, son of Auchises, that I'm some in a 'bout'
And, when I 'bristle up,' you had better look out.
Dont you call this a fight, for its nothing to tell—
Why, a child of six years could have licked him as well.
Never call him a fighter—he does nothing but prance
And jump round, like a bear when he's learning to dance."

At this time a young bullock that was grazing close by,
Brushing off with his tail quite an ostensible fly,
Spying out a rich shawl of a beautiful red
Which a pretty young girl 'round her shoulders had spread,
Gives chase to the damsel. He intended, do doubt,
Gravitation's great problem to let her find out.
But Entellus, the brave, soon the maiden perceives
And, with consummate skill, his gauntlet he heaves
And, crushing his nose, it drove through to the bones
And thus, for his boldness, the bullock stones.
Now the ox dropping down—never more will he rise—
Gives a grunt and a kick, then he bellows and dies,
And the timid young girl, tho' scarce able to speak,
Thanks the hero so great with a blush on her cheek.

Then, Entellus goes up to the ox on the ground
And speaks over him, thus, while a crowd gather round:—
"This well-fatted bullock, who has breathed his last breath,
I give to thee, Eryx, in exchange for the death
Of young Dares, the blower. But, ere I depart,
I resign with these gauntlets forever my art.
I'm quite thirsty, by Jove! I've been here a long while.
Come along with me, boys, and we'll all take a smile."

YE KNDE OF YE GREATE FIGHTE.

MORE-ALE APPENDED THERETO, BY THE SUB-LES-QUE.

As the strife is all finished, a moral I'll give—
If you would among sporters desire to live,
When you fight in the ring, keep this rule in view—
Pick out a young fellow who is weaker than you,
By such conduct, you see, that you always will gain
The prize of the combat and the praises obtain.

OWEN S. FAWCETT, ECCENTRIC COMEDIAN. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

THE MOONLIGHT RING;

OR,

THE BLACK SHADOW OF THE TWO-HANDED SWORD.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—CONTINUED.

"I'm going up towards the house," interposed Robinson, "and I'll let him know."

"Do, there's a good lad," acquiesced Silas.

Robinson didn't half like being called "lad" before the idol of his heart, but he contrived to smother his resentment, and took his way to the Grange.

"Will you sit down," asked Gabrielle of Silas, "and take a glass o' beer?"

"Thank ye, miss, I will," answered the other; "for the afternoon's hot, and the road's dusty."

Silas, in return for the politeness, thought it incumbent on him to say something civil.

"In mourning, miss?"

"Yes," replied Gabrielle, lowering her eyes.

"For a relation, miss?"

"No."

"For a friend, then?" pursued Silas.

"Yes," repeated the French girl.

"Must a' bin very fond on him."

"I was very fond of *her*," returned Gabrielle.

"Um—well, it ain't often, I'm thinking, that gals go into mourning for other gals; leastways, when they're on'y friends."

"She was the kindest I ever had on earth."

"Lived down here, miss, I suppose?"

"Yes," answered Gabrielle; "she was the mistress of the Grange—Miss Lucy Marsden."

Silas dropped the glass, and started, looking Gabrielle in the face.

"Lucy Marsden! She was very rich, I s'pose, then?" inquired Silas.

"I have heard," replied Gabrielle, "that she was the richest heiress in London."

"And who's got her money, miss, if I may make so bold?"

"She left the principal portion by will to Captain Hugh Bernard, who, as you may see, is about to sell the estate."

"To sell, is he?"

"Did you not see the announcement as you came along?"

"You see, miss, I can't read; that's how I didn't know."

Gabrielle began to conceive from Silas's manner that he knew something of her lost mistress. Gabrielle, though not especially skilful in cross-examination, yet possessed that peculiar tact which is so especially remarkable in the softer sex.

"It was said here," she commenced, "that Miss Lucy was not dead."

"Um—why?"

"Well, people thought that others had an interest in her decease, and that she was hid away somewhere with a person who didn't know that if he'd tell all, and produce the lady, he might have thousands of pounds."

"What!" exclaimed Silas. "Say that again, miss, will yer?"

"Thousands of pounds!" repeated Gabrielle.

"What makes you say that?"

"Because Miss Lucy is so very rich—so very, *very* rich—ten or twenty thousand pounds would be nothing to her. She would be none the poorer; and whoever it was that did her that service, would be so much the richer. Silas clenched his hand and dashed it down heavily on the table."

"If," asked Gabrielle, timidly—"if you know anything——"

"Know!" retorted he savagely,—why, what should I know?"

He was proceeding in this vindictive mood when through the window he discerned Light returning with Robinson.

Without another word he dashed up his cap and sallied forth to meet them.

"Ah, Silas!" exclaimed Light. "Why, what's brought you down, eh?"

"Come here," responded Silas, hoarsely; "come here, and you shall know."

Silas, with long strides, led the way from the road into a retired part of the plantation by which it was skirted.

"Now, Silas!"

"Now, Mister Light!"

Light saw directly that something had occurred to disturb the equanimity of the man he supposed his "creature."

"What is it, Silas? Why do you come here?"

"I come here to serve you. You know I can't write; and I suppose our business is too important and too secret to be trusted to a third party."

"What is it?"

"It means, that there party you were afraid on come to me not an hour after you left; it means, that a dark-skinned chap was with him; it means, that they reg'lar got over me—that they found the gal was gone—and that the scent that they lost at my highly respectable public, they picked up ag'in at Gravesend."

Light turned paler, as he muttered, "So soon!"

"Ah, they didn't lose much time, did they?"

"But how——"

"Ah! how's more than I can tell; but they did it, Mr. Light. I tell ye, that it's just a chance if that vessel ain't overhauled; and then——"

"When did they find it out?"

"Last night."

"Wind fair, fast ship," rapidly calculated the money-lander. She'll have reached open sea—they'll never catch her. We shall have time yet."

"For what?"

"To sell the estate."

"And then bolt?"

Light hesitated to answer. He had always regarded Silas as a mere creature. He had hitherto been the blind instrument of the money-lender's will, who was by no means anxious to let him know too much. But the suspicions of Silas, roused as they had been by his chance converse with Gabrielle, were excited.

"Now, I tell ye what, Mr. Light," he began—"it seems to me that I've been a shoving my neck in a noose for you, and arn't been paid for it. I——"

"Not been paid for it!" blustered the other, attempting to put him down. "Havn't you lived rent free? Did you ever ask for a pound that you didn't have it? Havn't you over and over again got into trouble; and havn't I over and over again got you out of it, eh?"

"All that's right enough," answered Silas; "but I'm tired of being treated as a servant; and as it seems to me you're going to make a bolt of it, and that I may never set eyes on ye again,—I fancy it's about time, as it's the last chance, I should come in as a partner."

Light was aghast at his presumption.

"You ungrateful——"

"Don't you use hard words, Mr. Light, or may be I shan't quite brook 'em. Me and Long-shore must live somehow; and when you're gone, who's to give me a character, I should like to know?"

Light distinctly saw, that, to a grave extent, he was in the power of Silas. He therefore resolved to temporise.

Did you ever know me to do a shabby act to you Silas, or to anybody that ever served me, did ye, eh?"

"Well, I can't say as ever I did," answered Silas, pretending to be mollified.

"Then, I tell you that, if circumstances should—mind, I'm not certain that they will—but if they should oblige me to leave England, I shall certanly, before I go, provide for you and Long-shore."

"And if you leave, when shall you leave, eh?"

"Well, as soon after the sale as I can. Come now, Silas, there's the truth for you."

"Not before?" remarked Silas, suspiciously.

"Now do you think," returned Light, "that I should be such a double-dyed fool as to go before I had touched some o' the money for this property, eh?"

"Well, I should think not," replied Silas, reflectively. "I should think not. And then you'll give me, how much?"

"Well, six—ah, even seven thousand pounds between you and Long-shore. You've served me faithfully, so I'll make gentlemen of you both for life—eh!"

"And you won't move a peg before the sale?" doubtfully reiterated Silas.

"My good friend!" replied Light, in a remonstrative tone. "My good friend!"

"I'm rather close run," hinted Silas.

"Why didn't you mention that before?" asked Light, opening his purse, and giving his companion two ten pound notes."

"That'll do," acknowledged Silas. "You act on the square and above-board, and I'll say ditto."

"Rely on me," answered Light; "but I must be off now. Business, you know. Shall I see you to-morrow?"

"Most likely."

"Good-bye, then."

Light nodded, and left.

"Ha!" he murmured, as he retraced his steps to the hall. "Silas is cutting up rough, eh? The Jessie Arnold may be stopped. The sale isn't for three days yet, and people are suspicious at having to cash up the next day. Um—um! Its getting uncommon warm—very."

And a very artful twinkle gleamed for an instant in the eyes of Mr. Light.

"He's a deep old badger," thought Silas, wending his way to the railway station; "and I don't think I'm half down to him. He's up to some dodge, I know he is. But, howsoever, I'll have a friend with me, and if the old rascal gets over him, he must be old Beelzebub himself."

Silas, having reached the station, had a few moments' conversation with the clerk, which resulted in a telegram being sent off to Long-shore Dick, at the "World's End."

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE AUNT AND THE NEPHEW—TRAVEL IN LONDON—A CAB COLLISION—A COUNTESS UPSET—THE ADMIRALTY.

Throughout the journey from Gravesend to the metropolis, Latour and Athol scarcely interchanged a word. Latour had the most implicit confidence that the result of their search would be the discovery of the lost Lucy. The more delicate organization of Athol Clement subjected him to the torments of a thousand fears. He calculated the time and the chances, until his brain ached with anxiety. Latour, as soon as the train arrived, leapt out, followed by Athol, and took a Hansom for the City. The first object to ascertain was the address of the office kept by the broker to the ship. The bridge was crowded with vehicles. Just in front of them was an old fast breaking down cab, with a heavy load of luggage on the roof. Both Athol and Latour urged their driver to use his utmost speed. The man, seeing, as he supposed, an opportunity to pass, whipped up his horse suddenly and violently. The large wheel of the Hansom took the hind wheel of the cab, which, spinning off, the vehicle and its occupant came to grief on the road. The scream that issued from the passenger was well known to Latour. With a petulant expression of impatience, he jumped out and condoled with the Countess of Walsoken, who had come up from Brighton to receive the dividends on her very limited stock, and to pay sundry visits to her old acquaintance.

"I trust your ladyship is not hurt," sympathised Latour.

"Dear me!" moaned the Countess; "nothing but misfortune seems to happen! Pray see me into another cab, Mr. Latour. I havn't a maid with me, and I want to go to Rock's Hotel, Albemarle street. Will you see me there, Mr. Latour.

Latour was at a loss how to reply.

"You must not say me nay, Mr. Latour; it was your cab, you know."

Latour returned to Athol. In hurried whispers they mutually agreed that Athol was to make inquiry for the agent whom he was to see, and to obtain all possible information; and then, that they were to meet at the Royal Exchange in an hour. Athol at once drove on. Latour secured another cab, and superintended the transference of the luggage and the passenger, and was about to mount beside the driver.

"No," exclaimed the Countess; "I beg, Mr. Latour, that you will ride inside with me. I am nervous to that degree; and, beside, I want to hear all about that horrid Captain, and how all goes on at Marsden."

Latour, begging the driver to get through the crowded City as quickly as possible, took his place within the vehicle, opposite the Countess.

"I never was so shocked," began the Dowager, "in my life, as to hear of the—the painful end of your young mistress."

"Miss Marsden, my lady," said Latour, "must not be mourned as dead. She lives still!"

Lady Walsoken had always entertained a dim, uncertain notion that Latour was not quite right—an impression which this last remark of his went far to confirm.

"Why, Mr. Latour, I heard from all her friends!—saw it in the papers!"

"We must not always trust the newspapers," replied Latour. "In this instance, at all events, they gave currency to a false report."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive, my lady."

"None of your dreams—eh, Mr. Latour?"

"An actual, certain fact."

"I should like to be convinced," said the Countess.

Latour spoke upon the hint, and in as few words as he could, related the weary search, and its partial success. The Countess, though somewhat worldly-minded—and it was necessity induced her so to be—was essentially good-hearted and sympathizing. She entered with all her heart into the relation of Latour, and when he had concluded, thought of a means of aiding him

"The vessel, Latour, you say, may yet, you think, be overtaken."

"There is the barest possibility, and Mr. Clement will start for Plymouth to-night."

"You will reach there in the morning, will you not?"

"That is our intention."

"Yes, I will!"

This impulsive exclamation of the lady referred to no previous inquiry of her companion, but was exclusively addressed to herself.

"Now, I tell you what, Mr. Latour!" she said; "what I am going to do for you I hardly know whether I would do for myself. But it is such a scandalous affair altogether, that I don't like letting the scoundrels have their own way, if I can help it."

It is astonishing how much more attractive the old Countess seemed when she put away the conventional manners of society, and spoke naturally from her heart.

"And what, I pray your ladyship, is the service you are about to render me?"

"Attempt to render, is the better phrase," she replied. "Tell the cabman to drive to the Admiralty."

"Madam," replied Latour; "the time at my disposal——"

"Cannot," replied the Countess, "be better employed."

Latour, somewhat unwillingly, obeyed her wish.

They were then passing through Charing Cross, so that they soon entered the court-yard of that Government establishment.

"Never mind the boxes," she said; "and although a public carriage is not the usual vehicle in which I pay my visits—but, as you say, the hours are few—so I must bid etiquette and the aristocratic proprieties an *au revoir* for the present."

The porter on duty advanced to the cab with something like an expression of condescension, which, however, speedily changed to something like subservience when he noticed the coronet on the top of the card.

"Take that up at once," she said, "to Lord Maberley. He's one of the secretaries, and my nephew," she explained to Latour.

"His lordship is disengaged, my lady," announced the porter, when he returned; "if your ladyship will follow me."

So the Countess, passing up the broad stairs, and along numerous passages, was at last ushered into the presence of her relative.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A SCENE IN THE ADMIRALTY—A FRIEND AT COURT—PREPARATIONS FOR A STERN CHASE—A RACE AT SEA—ITS RESULT.

LORD MABERLEY, one of the secretaries of the Admiralty, was a high Tory, and the very beau ideal of the recognised type of official. His dress was correct; his manner was correct; and he possessed, to the widest extent, the diplomatist's art of stringing together a long succession of sweet, nicely-phrased words, which contained, however, not one atom of meaning.

"I am proud and delighted——" he commenced.

"Now, John," replied her ladyship, "you and I are old enough to dispense, when we are between ourselves, with all that which the world calls 'humbug.'"

"Humbug?"

"Humbug!" repeated her ladyship, "If there was a politer word for it, John, I wouldn't shock an official man by mentioning it in his very throne-room—there!"

Lord Maberley slightly wrinkled his brow, and rubbed his bony chin with his long-fingered hand.

"I haven't much time to lose, John," resumed the Countess, "or I shouldn't have shocked the nervous susceptibilities of the sentries and the porters by coming to visit my distinguished relative in a vulgar cab. To come to the point, John, you know, when Walsoken died, I thought, and have since thought, that better arrangements might have been made for me, his widow."

Lord Maberley made a deprecating gesture.

"Well, let bygones be bygones, John; still, so it is. Yet in spite of the struggles I've had, John, I never applied to your branch for a shilling. You know that as well as I do. And now that I *do* intend asking you a favor, it's for another, not for myself."

"What is it, my dear aunt?"

"Well, my dear nephew—I'm glad you recollect our relationship—it's just for you to communicate in cypher with the Port Admiral at Plymouth, instructing him to stop, at any hazard, an East Indiaman, called the Jessie Arnold now going down Channel. Not only to stop her, but to pursue her if necessary."

"You don't know what you ask, Lady Walsoken!"

"How soon," interrupted his aunt, with good-humored satire, "how soon you've forgotten our relationship!"

Lord Maberley once more elevated his brows and stroked his chin:

"It is impossible, my dear aunt," he explained, with emphasis. "Within the bounds of my power—within the sphere of my duties, or to the extent of my influence—"

"John," interrupted the lady, "I do not want any polite set speeches, and I *do* want this communication forwarded. You must really oblige me. It was for that purpose I came; and, till that object is attained, I promise you I won't leave the room."

"You really don't know what you ask, my dear lady," expostulated her nephew. "If I were to take upon myself to stop a mercantile vessel, the consequence to the Government and the country might be tremendous. It might mean ministerial defeat and parliamentary dissolution."

"There's plenty of reason why, in this instance at least," persevered the old lady, "this power should be exercised. Now, John, you must close your eyes, thaw that red tape soul of yours, and listen."

The Countess—her feelings excited by the recent relation of Latour—explained the facts to her nephew—dilated on the monstrous wrong, and insisted on his aid, exercised officially, to prevent its execution.

"A moment," said Maberley, touching the bell on the table. "Wait a minute; I'll speak to the First Lord."

The Countess nodded in satisfaction.

Being informed by the attendant that Sir J—— was disengaged, Lord Maberley left the Countess to herself. He was away some time. He returned partially successful. A telegram had been already despatched to the Port Admiral at Plymouth, desiring him to hold himself in readiness to stop or pursue the Jessie Arnold, on being convinced from the sworn affidavits of the parties of the truth of the Countess's story.

"John," said the Countess, holding out her hand, "for your share in the affair following poor Walsoken's death, I forgive you."

Lord Maberley gave something more than the official squeeze to the proffered salutation, hoped his aunt would leave a card with Lady Maberley, trusted that the little cloud of family disagreement was dissipated for ever, and said many other polite things in his *official* way. Latour began to be positively alarmed at the long absence of the Countess. Several times he was on the point of quitting the cab to attend his appointment with Athol at the Royal Exchange. He had waited moment after moment, till the hour agreed upon had almost expired. But when at last the Countess bustled down, and informed him of the great service she had rendered, he could hardly struggle with his deep joy. He could have cast himself in the street before her, and clasped her knees.

"I'll go by myself to Albemarle Street," she said. "Don't lose a minute, Mr. Latour."

Latour needed no further urging. A cab was too slow. With the wings of the wind he flew down the crowded streets to the Royal Exchange. Athol, meanwhile, had not been idle. He had gone into the first shipbroker's he passed to ascertain the owners of the Jessie Arnold. Discovering this, he soon took his way to their office. When Mr. Davidson, who was fortunately in, heard the nature of his business, and remembered the interpretation that might be placed on the part he had played in the transaction, he felt marvellously uncomfortable. He would have surrendered the commission twice over to have been rid of the suspicions which he saw might ultimately attach to him. Athol perceived clearly that Davidson didn't like it at all.

"But then whatever is to be done, my dear sir? Its too late to stop the ship—she must be out of the Channel by this time."

"The faithful servant I spoke of will meet me at the Royal Exchange. It would be, I think, better that you should accompany me there, when we can consult together as to the better course."

Davidson, with a sigh of vexation, accepted the suggestion. Athol had waited for many minutes beyond the hour, before he noticed Latour coursing along at the top of his speed. So soon as the creole saw Athol he clapped his hands and half screamed with joy. The advice of Davidson, a cool man of business, and anxious to extricate himself from an unpleasant dilemma, was here of the greatest importance.

"Where was the woman," he said—"the sister of the stewardess?"

"At Gravesend."

"Come with me," he said to them, "to a solicitor's. We must consult an independent person in this crisis."

The solicitor heard the story.

"If," he said, "you refuse to set the police at work, you must take down as strong a case as possible to the Port Admiral at Plymouth. How vexatious not to have brought down that woman with you! Her affidavit, united to that of yours," speaking to Davidson, "would have settled the matter. However, we'll dismiss that. The mail does not start from the Great Western Station for Plymouth till nine o'clock. It's lucky I am a commissioner for taking oaths. Sit down Mr. Davidson; I'll draw your affidavit—you can swear it—and then I'll pop down to Gravesend and see this woman myself. I shall barely have time, though."

The solicitor sat down and prepared the necessary affidavit in a few minutes. Davidson went through the requisite form of swearing.

"Now, you gentlemen off to Plymouth at once. The woman's affidavit I shall deliver in charge of the guard of the mail. Now, no words—off with you, and with all my heart I pray you may be successful."

Neither Athol nor Latour needed further urging. In their hot race against time they suffered no fatigue—they stayed for no refreshment. Travelling the whole of the night they contrived to reach their destination by six o'clock on the following morning. Early as it was they went to the residence of the Port Admiral, who, as an old sailor, indulged in no late habits. In fact, the receipt of the government telegram on the previous night had prepared him for their arrival. He heard their story—looked at the affidavit of Davidson; but he declared that, before he could stir in the matter, he must have the important affidavit of the stewardess's sister.

"However," he said, "we needn't waste time for all that. Let us drop together to the Hoe, and hear if any of the fishermen have sighted the Jessie Arnold."

They inquired of every one, but none had seen her. The wind had been fair for the outward-bound, they said; and she must, they should think, be out of the Channel by this time. Athol groaned with impatience.

"Courage, young gentleman!" said the old salt, "I'll tell the people at the dockyard here to signal the Fury to get up steam. She's the swiftest ship on the station. Only let me get sufficient evidence to convince me—without which, mark ye, I cannot act,—and we'll overhaul the Jessie Arnold if it costs us a week's steaming."

Athol's look of gratitude touched the old Admiral to the heart. The time wore on till the hour approached for the arrival of the mail train from town. Eagerly they watched the long lines of rails; intensely they listened for the snort of the coming engine. The train was late. Little was the consolation they received from the station-master, that "she always was a trifle behind." At last, in about ten minutes, they heard the escape of the steam, and saw the long train wind round the curve preparatory to entering the station. The guard descended and was simultaneously addressed both by Athol and Latour.

"Here's the parcel, gentlemen," said the guard. "Thank-ye, sir," he added, as Athol pressed a coin in his hand.

Davidson, the solicitor, had managed admirably. The Admiral perused the affidavit, and, to prevent the slightest mistake in the orders, he took passage with them in his own barge to the Fury. That vessel had its steam up, and at once proceeded out to sea. Clear and fresh was the morning, and the Fury like an arrow divided the waters. She hailed ship after ship, but none had spoken to the Jessie Arnold. At last they met a homeward-bound which had passed her upwards of a hundred miles southing the Lizard. It is a proverb as old as it is true that a stern chase is a long chase. Mid-day had long passed when the look-out at the foremast-head sighted a large ship hull down in the horizon. The purpose of the chase soon got noised about the vessel; and the free, open nature of the sailors became almost as interested in it as Athol and Latour. Nearer and nearer they approached, until through the powerful glasses on board, the name of the ship could be clearly distinguished. It was the Jessie Arnold. Latour burst into a wild, uncontrollable delirium of joy. Athol's emotion, though less demonstrative, was yet as deep. Nearer and nearer they approach her—nearer and nearer still. Those on board the Jessie Arnold doubtless wonder why she is so closely followed by a Queen's ship. Her crew will soon know, for the Fury has fired a shot across her bows, and the Indiaman dips her colors and lays to.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN OPERATIC LADY GAY SPANKER.

The name of Miss Kellogg is familiar as a household word among all those who have but the faintest idea of, or take even the slightest interest in music, especially when connected with opera; so that the following amusing, but, as we believe, exaggerated notice of her in regard to her sporting propensities, which we cut from the London, Eng., Morning *Herald* (credited to its New York correspondent), will be read with interest by many Clipper readers. We therefore here produce it:

"We have just developed an American prima donna—what a Yankee backwoodsman would call 'an out-and-outer, without a drop of furrin blood in her veins;' for she is a Connecticut girl, springing from the old Puritan stock. Her ancestors, doubtless, ate their first breakfast in America on Plymouth Rock, and her immediate progenitors were cultivators of Wethersfield onions, manufacturers of basswood cheese and wooden nutmegs, and fishers of shad and men. She seems destined, from her eccentricity, as well as from her unmistakeable musical talent, to become one of the most remarkable characters of modern times. The young person to whom I refer is Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, now performing an engagement at the Academy of Music in this city. 'Clara Louise' is the toast of opera-going Young America, who erstwhile swore by the eyes of 'Little Piccolomini.' What with her remarkable personal charms, her vivacity upon the stage, her magnificent voice, indescribable winning manner, and her extraordinary idiosyncrasies, she has easily floated into the position of the 'musical sensation' of the metropolis. Miss Kellogg's father is a methodical, hard-working, pains-taking phonographic short-hand writer, and he adopted a very curious method in the education of his daughter. He brought her up as if she were a boy, and trained her in a style which has at least the merit of novelty, and might prove useful in other cases. Like all first-class phonographers, Mr. Kellogg is familiar with the sixty and odd elementary and primary sounds which constitute the basis of every known language. He educated his daughter in all these sounds previous to making her apply herself to the study of French, Spanish, Italian and German. As a consequence she has become the most perfect linguist, so far as pronunciation goes, of any of the professional women of America. Miss Kellogg has always displayed a remarkable musical aptitude; she can thoroughly master any opera, the most difficult, both words and music, in three days' time. One of her oddities is a passion for learning to perform upon all sorts of curious musical instruments. She is an excellent drummer, as any one who has seen her as *Marie*, in 'La Figlia del Reggimento,' can testify. She is a proficient with the violin, French horn, bassoon, trombone; and her treatment of the banjo is pronounced by amateurs upon that solace of the African woes and backbone of the Cork Opera, 'superb.' A story is floating about in musical circles that three or four years ago a certain minstrel band, now doing a flourishing business upon Broadway, had among its members a person, apparently a boy, whose remarkable performances with castinets, or 'the bones,' became the 'sensation' of the minstrel-loving portion of the town. This person, it was observed, never indulged in the jokes, as they are called, which have become from custom contingent upon the gentleman who wakes the echoes with translated tibiæ, and after a time the seat of the silent 'Brudder Bones' was vacant. This brilliant castinet-player it is now said was Miss Kellogg. Of course it would not do to repeat this story to the frequenters of the Irving Place Opera-House, for our petroleum and codfish aristocracy profess to have a great horror of anything so vulgar as a 'negraw minstrel.' Still the tale—if true, and I must say there is good reason to believe it—gives a very fair idea of the character of the young lady, and if one-half the strange gossip afloat about Miss Kellogg's room in Fourteenth street be founded in fact, she is certainly capable of greater eccentricities than this. It is, of course, neither the province of a correspondent nor of anybody else but the owner to invade a lady's boudoir, but if the writer seems to intrude upon that of the fair prima donna mentioned, it is because it is so much like the chamber of a wild young gentleman just come into his property, that his mistake might be very readily accounted for. Boxing gloves and foils hang against the walls; pictures of famous horses and dogs are placed in the most favorable position to catch the eye of the spectator; a beautiful little black-and-tan terrier, unfortunately dead, but very happily stuffed, dominates the centre of the mantel-piece, and two statuettes, representing American Zouaves, support over the fire place the national ensign. Photographs of military chieftains decorate the walls of the room; the spoils (such, at least, as will not perish) of a hundred triumphs on the lyric stage deck in profusion this extraordinary chamber, and a thousand little articles, distinctive more of a masculine than a feminine taste, are scattered about. In short, if the room affords a criterion by which to judge the owner, she is a person of strong masculine proclivities, softened and subdued by an exquisite feminine grace. Miss Kellogg is one of the most dashing horse-women of New York, and may be seen riding or driving any fine afternoon in Central Park, the wonder of her own sex and the admiration of its opposite. With all these *outre* accomplishments (for such they would be considered in this country), she is one of the most delicate of our delicate American women, as fragile, apparently, as an Etruscan vase. Probably, however, the most singular characteristic of the *artiste* in question is her undoubted dislike for the society of men; she is a perfect misanthrope, so far as that is concerned, and, aside from her own father, has no intimate friends, and only such acquaintances as have become necessary in her profession among persons of the opposite sex."

BALL PLAY.

The Atlantic vs. Gotham.—The third contest between these clubs, played on skates, took place on the Washington Pond, Brooklyn, on Thursday, January 26th, the Atlantics winning by a score of 50 to 30 in a full game occupying four hours and a half. The weather was bitter cold, the ice hard and unimpressible, except by sharp skates, and consequently the game was anything but a source of pleasure to the contestants. The Atlantics had but six of their regular nine out, the out-fielders being players new to the Atlantic nine. The Gothams opened with the lead, and at the close of the third innings their score stood 15 to 10 on the part of the Atlantics. In the 4th innings, however, the Atlantics did some of their tall batting, scoring 14 runs, and the lead thus obtained they held to the close of the game, increasing their score largely each innings that followed. This is the last game on the ice this season. Unless when played under such favorable circumstances as the first match was on the Capitoline Pond, the novelty of the affair is its only attraction, it being anything but sport either to players or spectator on such cold days as marked the last two games. The following is the batting score:

BATTING.

ATLANTIC.	H. L.	R.	GOTHAM.	H. L.	R.
Pearce, p	2	7	G. Wright, l f	3	4
S. Smith, 3d b	7	2	H. Wright, c	1	5
Galvin, s s	4	5	Breen, r f	1	4
Elmendorf, 2d b	1	7	Thorne, p	3	3
P. O'Brien, c	4	5	Gibney, 2d b	4	2
Start, 1st b	2	6	Stokem, 3d b	5	2
Fletcher, c f	3	6	Dockney, s s	3	3
Jaques, r f	4	4	Dupignac, c f	4	4
Janes, l f	0	8	Beadle, 1st b	3	3
Total		50	Total		30

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Atlantic	3	2	5	14	6	7	1	9	3	—50
Gotham	6	8	1	3	6	0	2	0	4	—30

Umpire—Mr. Baesini, of the Excelsior Club.
Scorers—Messrs. O'Hara and Forsyth.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1865.

To Subscribers.

The following are the present rates of subscription to the New York Clipper:—

Single Copy	10 cents	Subscription per annum	$5 00
To Wholesale Dealers	6¾ "	" for 6 months	2 50
To Retail Agents	7 "	" for 3 months	1 25

To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents will be made from each annual subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British Provinces, $1 per annum extra, to cover postage.

IN ALL CASES IN ADVANCE.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
22 Spruce street, New York.

To Correspondents.

J. H.—"1. In a game at cribbage (two-handed) I played up to 20. My opponent made it 30. I said 'go,' and he took one, but on playing out the cards, it appeared that he had an ace. How should it have been settled? 2. In case of a misdeal in cribbage does the deal pass? 3. On opening the four-ball carom game, does the winning stringer play his ball from where it stops, and at any ball he pleases? 4. In the English (winning and losing carombole) game, can a player, *whose ball is in hand*, stand at the side of the table when he plays, or must he confine himself to the end, as in the French carom game?".....1. Having called a "go," and your opponent having pegged, it is his own loss that he did not make 31 with his ace, which would have entitled him to 2 points. 2. No; the penalty of a misdeal is rarely enforced here. 3. He can play from any place in balk, and with sufficient strength to pass the deep red ball, but not hit it. 4. He must play from the limited balk marked on the table.

C. F. B., Port Pocahontas.—"1. A bets that A. T. Stewart is a richer man than W. B. Astor, and what is the reported wealth of each? 2. Who is the richest man in this country? 3. Who is the richest man in the world?.. 1. We cannot decide; the former pays a larger income tax than the latter, but we should be inclined to think that the actual value of the property of Mr. Astor is greater than that of Mr. Stewart. 2. We cannot undertake to say. 3. Impossible to decide; some maintain Rothschild to be the wealthiest, others the Marquis of Westminster, whose house property in London and landed estates produce an annual rental of nearly a quarter of a million pounds sterling.

Pedestrian, Boston.—Geo. Seward, the American Wonder was born Oct. 16, 1817, at New Haven, Conn., and commenced his career in October, 1840, by defeating Ainsworth twice and W. Belder in 100 yard matches. Shortly afterwards he left for England, where he contended successfully against all the crack short distance runners of the day, including the celebrated Charley Westhall; his matches never exceeded 200 yards but twice, viz., with Harry Reed, quarter mile or 440 yards, on June 26, 1849, at Harlington Corner near Hounslow, for £100 a side, when he was beaten in 48½ secs., the best time on record; and Wood, a 500 yard spin at Bellevue, in 1843, whom he defeated.

Wis, of the Washy.—1. A bets that Flora Temple trotted against Dutchman's best one-mile time and did not beat it; B wagers that she did not beat his time, but contends that it was three miles instead of one. Was it one or three miles? 2. Where, by each horse? 3. What was the time? 4. Is there any record of a person attempting to count a pack of 52 cards, as at cribbage, if so, what was the result?......1. It was three miles. 2. By Dutchman on the Beacon Course; by Flora on the Centreville, L. I. 3. Dutchman's, 7:32½; Flora's, 7:33. 4. No record.

Horse Fancier, Greenpoint.—Pocahontas, the celebrated pacing mare, made one mile in 2m. 17½ secs., the quickest time on record, on the Union Course, L. I., Thursday, June 21, 1855. It was in a match for $2000, mile heats, best three in five, to wagon and driver weighing 265 lbs., against the grey gelding, Hero. Pocahontas was driven by Jim McMann, and Hero by Geo. Spicer, and Pocahontas distanced Hero in the first mile. Time of the heat—quarter, 34 secs; half, 1:07; mile, 2:17½.

Joe Roth, U. S. Gen. Hospital, Mo.—1. The population of New York is supposed to be over a million; Philadelphia, nearly a million. 2. The New Stadt Theatre in the Bowery, in this city, is the largest place of amusement in this country. It will hold 5000 persons. 3. We can send you the Clipper, but whether it would be sent after your regiment moves from where we send it we cannot say.

Doctor, Camp 12th N. Y. Bat.—To go to Ogdensburg, N. Y., take the Hudson River Railroad in this city to Albany, thence to Rome. At Rome take the Rome, Watertown, and Ogdensburg Railroad to Ogdensburg. The time from this city to Albany is five hours, and from there to Ogdensburg eleven hours. The fare is a little over twelve dollars.

D. S., Amsterdam.—"Six persons throw dice for concert tickets; the person throwing the lowest to pay. Two of the parties agree to go partners in the throw; one of them throws the highest of the whole engaged. Is the other partner obliged to throw?".... Yes, and if he throws lowest of all, his partner must pay his share of the cost of the tickets.

Black Eye, Yorkville.—It was Dan; he left in the steamship America, from Boston, on March 21, 1860, partly for the benefit of his health, and partly to see the Heenan and Sayers fight. Morrissey left in the Africa, from New York, with Dad Cunningham, Paddy Hughes, and others, March 14, 1860.

Mose, Chicago.—1. We are under the impression that the Fire Department of Philadelphia is as efficient, and under as good government, as any in the country. 2. We do not know sufficient of the Fire Departments of Chicago and Cincinnati to venture an opinion as to their relative merits.

Idaho, Pittsburgh.—1. The last time we heard of the lady being in the profession was at Sandford's Opera House, Harrisburgh, some time since, when under her sister's management. 2. We should prefer not to give a letter, as we have correspondents in those places.

Bagatelle.—"In playing a French game of bagatelle, the red ball being in the pocket, the player striking at a white ball hit a ball in the pocket before hitting the white ball he played at, and made a pot. Does it count for the player or for the opposite party?"......For the player.

W. P. G., Boston.—1. Hard work will do it, with plenty of brisk rubbing; dumb bells will assist, but running, walking, using Kehoe's Indian clubs, etc., will answer better. 2. We have a Lieutenant General. Is that the office you mean?

W. D. C., Elmira, N. Y.—The first fight between Tom Sayers and Aaron Jones took place on the Banks of the Medway, when 62 rounds were fought in three hours, and darkness put an end to the conflict, Jan. 6, 1857.

Douglass, Camp Sheridan.—The letter you hold is evidence that the firm received your money; it might be well to send the firm's address to some friend of your's in this city, and let him make inquiries; then, if necessary, you might run on yourself.

G. R., Greenport.—There is no authentic record of fast time in skating. George Seward is said to have made extraordinary time in skating, but whether his time has been beaten or not we cannot say.

J. K.—No horse ever made a mile in 1 minute 12 seconds—the quickest mile on record was run by Saunterer in 1 minute 40¾ seconds.

John Ryan, Co. K. 96th Reg., Washington.—The only means of extracting the marks of gunpowder from the flesh, whether introduced by tattooing or the result of an accident, is by blistering.

Amateur Pedestrian, Troy, N. Y.—It was in July, 1809, that Captain Barclay completed his celebrated match of walking 1000 miles in 1000 hours. It occupied 42 days and nights.

F. W., Worcester.—Mr. Booth (now deceased) is said to have performed that extra business in Richard III. You are mistaken in regard to Mr. Forrest being the man.

Assyrian, Chicago.—Kate Vance met with a very serious accident while performing in New Orleans, and was soon after reported dead, but she has recovered and is now in St. Louis.

Joe, Milwaukee.—The brig "Vision" has not been heard from of late, and it is supposed that the little craft and her crew have gone to the bottom.

Constant Reader.—They can only score two points for the euchre. B is the only one that can go alone, having ordered up the trump.

L. R., New Haven.—The Central Park contains 773 acres. It extends from the Fifth to the Eighth Avenue, east and west, and from 59th street on the south to 112th street on the north.

Mahoning, Boston.—"In twenty deck poker, will a flush or a full hand beat?"......A full; the same rules govern this game as straight poker.

B. H. B., Jr., Fort Wayne.—1. C must throw off with B. 2. The dice must be placed as thrown on the second throw, with the five up.

Point of Rocks.—Low, Jack count out before High, Game; they go out in this order, viz, high, low, Jack, game. A and B win, therefore.

Ben Caunt, New Brunswick, N. J.—1. We cannot furnish you with back numbers of the Clipper containing the story of "The Revenge." 2. F. Brady, book publisher, is now at 22 Ann street.

Harrisburg.—1. He who makes the trump, orders it up, or takes it up, can go alone, but not otherwise. 2. We hold to the opinion that no player can go alone when a partner assists.

Subscriber, Greenpoint.—The two horses that trotted twenty miles inside of one hour were Trustee and Lady Fulton. Flora Temple attempted it, but failed.

J. B. H., Paterson, N. J.—An English mile comprises 1760 yards; an Irish mile, 2240 yards.

American Boy, Columbus, O.—Bill Poole was shot on the morning of Feb. 24, 1855, and died on the 8th of March, 1855.

J. Clark, Totly, Swatara.—Your subscription expires with No. 48 of the present vol.

Mons. L., New Orleans.—Julia Mortimer has retired from the stage and is at present living in this city.

D. G., Indianapolis.—Write to Harry Jennings, Boston, whose advertisement you will find in another column.

Old Cit.—Poole and Morrissey fought their memorable "hog fight" July 27, 1854.

F. W. S., Port Carbon.—You are entitled to both Jack and the deal.

G. S. P., Boston.—It seems to be a mooted question as to who is really to be the manager of the Savannah Theatre.

C. M., Oswego.—1. 20 feet by John Howard. 2. Wright is the better by far.

E. R. H., Sag Harbor.—Three trays and a six in hand, with a six turned up, at cribbage, count eighteen points.

C. H. H., Hyde Park, Pa.—As the fight was undecided, the bet is a stand off; neither man wins.

J. S. R.—To beat 13, B should have turned up 14; failing to do this, B loses.

Benolio, U. S. A. Hospital, Chester, Pa.—1. Accepted. 2. Mrs. Barrow is at the Boston Museum.

A. M. B., Washington, D. C.—We have no acquaintance with the author of the notice alluded to.

Jack Turner.—We have a letter for you.

J. H. H.—It would be better to leave a deposit with the challenge.

John Crosher.—Letter was sent to Buffalo.

Thistle, Troy.—Items always acceptable.

R. L. H., Pittsburgh.—Sent the package by mail on the 28th.

Mahoning.—A "Full" beats a "Flush," and you win.

Pavilion Hall.—We have not heard from him of late.

SKATING IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Philadelphians are having "[illegible] old time" on skates. What with carnivals and [illegible] dress entertainments, the Quaker City people have become quite enthusiastic on the subject. A sensible editor in his comments on the subject, thus gives excellent advice to his readers—says he, "all who prize health, and who admire grace and symmetry of form and motion, should see to it that their children acquire proficiency in the art of skating." Remarking upon the sanitary benefits of the exercise he very properly says, "There is no exercise that will so quickly and surely impart a healthful development and graceful action to the body and an exhilarating vitality to the brain and spirits." "Parents," he continues, "if you have children (especially girls) who have weak limbs, narrow chests, and stooping shoulders, let them learn to skate. No shoulder braces or dumb bell exercise will so speedily teach them to stand erect, give such free play to their lungs, or impart to the limbs such true and beautiful proportions." That's so, without doubt.

On Thursday Jan. 26th, a grand Fancy Dress Carnival was held at the Union Skating Pond, it being the first entertainment of the kind ever given in Philadelphia, and it proved to be a decided success. An immense throng of people was present, the ladies especially being numerous.

National Park Pond claims to be the popular resort of the beauteous fair of the Quaker City, and judging from the numbers who "put in appearance" there every skating day, it would seem to be a fact. This pond occupies nearly a block of land, and has convenient buildings attached to it. On Saturday week the Athletics, in imitation of their *confreres* of the Atlantics, essayed a ball match on this pond, but the fall of snow in the afternoon put a stop to the proceedings. They intend playing a game with the Camden Club soon, and they think they could polish the Atlantics up on skates if they were to visit Philadelphia while there is good skating. We guess the champions have had enough of ball playing on ice already to last them this winter, inasmuch as it has led to their defeat in one game out of three.

A FRESH CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

Elsewhere in this issue of the Clipper will be found the details of the recent pugilistic set-to between Wormald and Marsden for the Championship of England. The "favorite" came out the under dog in the fight, notwithstanding the knowing prognostics of "good judges." The contestants were of the heavy division, and were pretty evenly matched in their physical proportions, but not otherwise, Marsden being more of a "chopping block" than a punisher: he seems to have considerable strength, but is devoid of a knowledge of the science of manual defence, and possesses little or no judgment as to ring tactics or strategy. Wormald is a "good 'un," when compared with Marsden, and in his meeting with that pugilist gave evidence of his being pretty well "up" in the business he has embarked in. Although not in the best condition when he confronted Marsden, he made a most capital display nevertheless, and appeared almost as fresh at the *finale* as when he first put up his hands for the Championship. He is lasting, and hits out well, using both hands with good judgment. It is intimated that Jem Mace will tackle the new champion; at least such was the impression before it was known who would win in the Wormald-Marsden trial. Whether Master Jem will be very eager to get on with such a big 'un and such a good 'un as Wormald, now that the latter has given such striking indications of his abilities, is a question. Match-making will be talked of, no doubt, but we shall be surprised if Mace, clever as he is, should enter the ring with the new champion. See report of the championship fight, in another part of this paper.

Skating.—Two carnivals in Brooklyn and one in New York have been the skating events of the week. On Tuesday, Jan. 24th, the second fancy dress carnival on the Capitoline Lake took place, and on Wednesday the second masquerade on the Union Pond came off, the attendance at both being less in numbers than on the previous occasions. The intense cold which prevailed no doubt proved a drawback. The masquerade on the Union was marked by a fine display of fireworks, by Hadfield, and also by the attendance of over a hundred persons in fancy costumes, prominent among whom was Mrs. M. Ford, of Philadelphia, whose admirable make up and personation of the character of Jerusha Shingle was a decided feature of the entertainment. The second carnival on the Fifth Avenue Pond, New York, drew a large and fashionable assemblage of spectators on Thursday, the 26th, that locality entirely eclipsing the Park Ponds, both in the excellence of the ice and the fashionable and select character of the assemblages there collected. The present season is decidedly the most favorable one the skating fraternity have ever had.

"A Bit of Merriment."—We see by our London files that the blues have been attacking the rat pits, or at least arresting the proprietors thereof; but the latter satisfactorily proved that in giving exhibitions of rat killing they were not only having "a bit of merriment," but were assisting in the good work of destroying that enemy of mankind, which is a pest that should be annihilated. The Judge took the same view of the affair, was particularly pleased with one of the dogs that killed his twenty rats in a minute, and dismissed the case, merely remarking that proprietors of rat pits must conduct their entertainments in an orderly manner. Jes so, jes so. The rat belongs to a class of vermin that has no claim whatever upon our mercy. They can only obtain peace through "total extinction of their diabolical and hated race."

Important, if True!—In the State of Pennsylvania the people are in a great state of excitement, the oil fever raging to an extent never dreamed of in our philosophy. A rumor has just reached us from the oil region which, if true, will startle the world from centre to circumference. A reliable and indefatigable correspondent in Oil City writes us that one of the companies engaged in boring for oil in that vicinity has penetrated so deep into the bowels of the land, that they have actually struck a vein of *cod liver oil!* Our informant is a responsible man, having been engaged for two years as army correspondent for one of our daily papers, and this gives an air of undoubted authority to the wonderful statement. Further particulars in our next.

The Trial of Friery has again been postponed, this time until Monday, 13th inst. Eleven jurors had been selected, when the second panel was exhausted. When the third panel appeared, objection was made by Friery's counsel that there had been an error in the manner in which they had been chosen, and the case accordingly was put off until the 13th, when a panel of 2000 jurors will be on hand, from which twelve "good and true men" are to be selected. There *ought* to be at least twelve such men among the two thousand.

A Puzzle.—In the recent *crim. con.* case—Millspaugh *versus* Adams—the jury gave the former a verdict for $10,000, but failed to say who gets the lady. As she is the wife of Millspaugh according to New York law, and also the wife of Adams on the Indiana plan, the question naturally arises, "who does she belong to?" Does the husband of the first part repossess and occupy her, or does he of the second part retain his hold? Who knows?

"There's many a Slip between the Cup and the Lip," but if the cup is filled with the nectar of health, scant of wisdom is he who lets it slip through his fingers. Half a wine glass full of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, taken three times a day, at this season, will fortify the body against damp and cold, and keep the stomach, liver and bowels in good order. Don't let this slip your memory!

A business man advertises in our theatrical columns for an opportunity to purchase an interest in some paying enterprise.

New Books.—As Alexandre Dumas contemplates visiting this country in the Spring, his writings will be read with more than usual interest. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, have just issued an edition of Dumas' "The Chevalier," complete in one volume, price one dollar......The same publishers have put forth George Lippard's "Memoirs of a Preacher," which created such an excitement a few years ago. Its price is but 75 cents, complete.

One of the best books from the press of the Peterson Brothers is their latest. It is called the "Brother's Secret," written by William Godwin, and possessing an interest and depth of purpose not always to be found in works of this class. It is printed in clear type, on good paper, and is sent free of postage for $1:50. Almost everything in the way of reading can be procured at Peterson's.

SKATING IN PHILADELPHIA.

New York and Brooklyn, it would seem, do not monopolize the pleasure of skating, for most of our cities and large towns now consider a skating park as a *sine qua non* in the way of sports; among these Philadelphia is not to be placed in the second rank, as will be seen by the following article which we transfer to our columns from the *Item* of that city:—

"Nothing gives us greater pleasure, in this age of progress, than to notice the rapidly growing popularity of the beautiful art of skating. All who prize health, (and who does not?) all who admire grace and symmetry of form and motion, (and who does not?) should see to it that their children acquire proficiency in the art of skating. There is no exercise that will so quickly and surely impart a healthful development and graceful action to the body, and an exhilarating vitality to the brain and spirits. Parents! if you have children (especially girls) who have weak limbs, narrow chests, and stooping shoulders, let them learn to skate. No shoulder braces or dumb bell exercise will so speedily teach them to stand erect, give such free, large play to their lungs, or swell the muscles of the limbs to such true and beautiful proportions. As some of our readers may not have visited all our ponds, we propose this week to give a short description of them, commencing first with the Union Skating Park. This park is situated at the corner of Fourth and Diamond street, and is accessable by the Third, Sixth and Eighth street passenger railroads. The advantage it possesses over the others is, that it has two ponds, one (the smallest) for the use of beginners, where will be found all the latest improvements in the shape of supporters, for those learning to skate, and the other for the use of those who have acquired proficiency in this beautiful pastime. On Thursday last (afternoon and evening) a Grand Fancy Dress Skating Carnival was held at this Park, and it being the first ever given here, was an immense success. In fact, the Park was so crowded that there was hardly room for skating. Everybody enjoyed it greatly, especially the young ladies. Success to the carnivals!

The National Park.—This Park claims to be, pre-eminently, the Ladies' Park of Philadelphia, and, from the number of the fair sex who daily and nightly grace it with their presence, it certainly comes in for a large share of the claim. It is located at the corner of Twenty-first and Columbia avenue, and is accessible by the Ridge avenue and Nineteenth street railways. The pond is about a square in length and nearly that in breadth, and has suitable buildings upon it for the convenience of the skaters. A base ball match was attempted at this Park on Saturday, by the members of the Athletic Club, but on account of the snow coming down rather heavily after a few innings were played, it was thought best to give it up for the present. What little play there was done, however, showed the Athletics to be no 'muffs' on skates. We hear they intend challenging the Camden Club to play them a match on skates. If it is accepted, look out for fun.

Bushnell's Park.—This Park is situated on Broad street, above Columbia avenue, and is one of the favorite resorts of the *elite* of that part of the city. It can be reached by the Eleventh and Fifteenth street railways. Mr. Bushnell is always on hand himself to see that proper attention is paid to the comfort of the skaters.

Eastwick's Park.—Although the largest of our ponds, this is by no means the best, as, on account of its being situated on the banks of the Schuylkill, and having no fence around it, there is always a strong current of cold air blowing over the pond, which not only makes it uncomfortable for the skater but also for the lookers on. Many bad colds have been contracted here."

GAME FOWL BREEDING AND FEEDING.

The admirers of game fowl will find considerable information and matter to interest them in the following communication from Buffalo by an experienced breeder. He says:—"I have seen several articles in the Clipper from time to time on breeding and feeding game fowl, some of which I approve and some I do not approve; but as I do not intend entering into a controversy with any one, I will refrain from criticism and confine myself to my own experience on the subject. I am not in the business, and therefore have nothing to gain by praising white hackles, yellow legs, or black bottoms. My plan of breeding is to select about six three years old hens, and a two year old cock, the latter for his clean make; long legs; big bones; long wings; large, lively eye; strong, crooked bill; small head; large tail; with head and tail of handsome appearance. I take special care to have no dunghill fowl about the premises, and keep my game fowl in a warm dry stable, well sheltered from the north winds, and have a stream of pure fresh water running through the yard. About February 1st, I allow the cocks and hens to run together, if in a temperate climate (in the region round about Buffalo, March 1st is soon enough) and have nests like bee-hive baskets arranged about two feet from the ground, and have them all numbered. When the hens begin to lay, if too early for hatching, I mark the first egg laid by each fowl with ink or indigo, and let it remain in the nest all the time. If they lay only every other day, so much the better, but take care not to save for hatching any eggs laid after 12 M. as the egg is apt to be smaller, and the bird weak. As soon as the hens begin to look pale about the head, save no more eggs, but put them to hatch with ten or twelve eggs under them, and feed and water attentively. When the chickens burst the shell, if they are strong and the weather is warm, there will be no trouble, but if they are weak and the weather cold, be careful and feed with dry oat or corn meal dough or sweet cake crumbled up; also, give new milk with loaf sugar in it. Keep them warm, and if they cannot go out let them have a little sand and some oyster shells to pick at, and they will soon be independent of the weather. When they are three or four months old, remove to suitable walks, and keep them separate from any other breed of cocks until introduced to the pit. In preparing them for battle I shut them up in the evening, and let them run the next day without anything to eat, and after the lapse of two nights and one day I take about half a pint of buttermilk for each fowl, and make a light mash of oatmeal, with a teaspoonful of fine salt stirred in, and feed *ad libitum*. During the days of preparation spar your fowl with muffles on their spurs, and at the same time feed with bread of the following ingredients (3½ lbs. of which will do for two cocks): a quantity of good family flour, yolks of six eggs, ¼ lb. loaf sugar, ¼ oz. saffron; alternate with barley, eggs, sweet cakes, etc. After dieting in this manner, hackle them out. Give clean straw for the night, be up with the sun for your milk, let no one but yourself take it from the cow for fear of treachery, keep plenty of fresh eggs boiled, and steep the whites of them in at least three waters. Before feeding with them, steep your barley two or three hours in water, and rub it in your hand before feeding. There is no certain quantity for each fowl, but you will have to observe closely if they throw off their feed well; if not, you will give more barley and the whites of the eggs, and less bread. You will always put the size of a small marble of rock candy in the milk before you put it over the bread, and cut the bread in nice pieces and not lose any of it. If any of them should not feed, and get weak, give a warm feed made of new milk and oatmeal, with one table spoonfull of loaf sugar in it. That will set them all right again. Wash their heads and tails night and morning with sponge and cold water. Give a light feed the night before they go to scale if they are scaled early, and then fight before twelve o'clock in the day and give them nothing to eat. If they are to fight at night, give them half a feed after being scaled. Tie the cock's legs with soft cord when scaling, and put a small handkerchief over their heads. Be sure and see that there are no weights stuck to the bottom of the scale. If these instructions are well followed, I will "bail" your chicken he will fight. The rules of different pits vary so, that there is no use in talking about handling them. Yours, &c., Magherafelt.

HANDING OVER THE CHAMPION'S BELT and £400 to Joe Wormald.

The Champion's Belt of England was formally handed over to Joe Wormald, now Champion of England by his late victory over Marsden, by Charles Westhall, of *Bell's Life*, the representative of the stakeholder, on the 10th of January, at Bos Tyler's, Osborne street, Whitechapel, in the presence of a large turn out of the boxing talent and others. In reply to an excellent little speech by the famous pedestrian, Wormald said he was proud of holding the belt and would do his best to keep it. Marsden was present on the occasion, and Wormald, after heading the list by a "fiver," went round the room and made a collection for the gallant Andrew, who hoped that he (Wormald) might succeed in keeping it. Afterwards Joseph went up to the Belt, which was hanging over Tyler's mantelpiece in the bar-room and reverently imprinted a kiss on it. "Contrary to general anticipation," says the *Sporting Life*, "Wormald has been allowed to become the possessor of the belt with no present signs of a fresh challenger entering the field. *Jem Mace, who asserted before the fight that he was determined to fight the winner, is now as 'quiet as a lamb,' and shows no disposition at present to make good his promise*, and the hero of the battle of Horley is left in undisturbed possession of his trophy." Efforts have been made to "square it" between *Bell's Life* and Mace by Abrahams, his backer, without an appeal to the gentlemen of the long robe, but the stakeholder declines all negotiations except Mace pays costs and makes an ample apology. Under all these circumstances, Wormald is likely to hold the belt for some time without being disturbed.

Suggestions have been made by several of the original subscribers to reduce the time of holding the belt from three years to two, the fights to take place every four months apart instead of six, as being sufficient time for a man in the prime of life to recover and again get into condition, especially when he considers that his time of probation will be only two years, and that at the expiration of that period he will be able to have his fling to his heart's content, or to try conclusions again for a fresh belt, which, no doubt, would quickly be subscribed for to help the good cause.

Skating Challenge.—Tim Donoghue, of Newburgh, will skate any man in the United States for from one to three miles, in a straight direction, for $300 a side, at Newburgh, on a future day to be mutually agreed upon. A deposit of $100 is now in the hands of Frank Queen, Editor of the New York Clipper, which will remain for two weeks, from Tuesday, Jan. 31st, the length of time to which the challenge is open. If the ice should not be good at Newburgh, then some other suitable place on the Hudson River to be mutually agreed upon. Should the condition of the ice not admit of the match coming off on the day originally agreed upon, then some good skater shall be selected, and he shall give each party twenty-four hours notice as to when the trial shall take place. Any party accepting this challenge to cover the $100 now in the Clipper office, the remaining $200 a side to be put up the morning of the race. Frank Queen to be final stakeholder. [$100 received.—Ed. Clip.]

Foot Race in New Brunswick.—Robert M. Roy, the Canadian Reindeer, made a wager with Daniel Snow of Spotswood, that he could do nine miles in an hour and five minutes, and the trial came off on the 26th January, at New Brunswick, N. J., Roy winning the bet and beating time by accomplishing the distance in 1h. 1¼m. Roy was to have run a 100 yards race with D. Snow on the 28th ult., and also appear in a walking match with Dory Boice, for $200 a side, to commence at Greer's Hall, on Jan. 31, and continuing until one of them is exhausted.

BILLIARDS.

BRILLIANT BILLIARDS.

A Billiard Match, the play in which was characterised by great brilliancy by both principals, was played in Washington, between John Deery and Melvin Foster, at Grover's Theatre, on the evening of January 23d, under the excellent management of Mr. Michael Geary, now proprietor of a saloon in that city. The entertainment commenced by a brief dramatic performance by the company, which was followed by the match in question, and play with the cue commenced at a little before 9 P. M., rather late for a siege of 1500 points. As a week will have more than elapsed by the time the Clipper reaches its readers, we do not propose to enlarge on the play, but submit the following score so elaborately prepared by "Tivag," which certainly does give all necessary particulars to those in the least posted in the game of billiards:—

FOSTER. Shot.	Count.	Total.	DEERY. Count.	Total.	FOSTER. Shot.	Count.	Total.	DEERY. Count.	Total.
1	4	4	5	‡5	40	2	844	46	555
2	3	7	8	13	41	0	844	2	557
3	5	12	0	‡13	42	33	‡877	5	‖563
4	9	21	0	13	43	28	905	0	563
5	6	‡27	3	16	44	29	‡934	6	569
6	0	‡27	3	‖19	45	0	934	0	569
7	1	28	19	38	46	0	934	35	604
8	170	198	0	‡38	47	11	945	14	‖618
9	2	200	13	†51	48	1	946	27	‡645
10	11	‖211	0	51	49	3	949	14	‡659
11	32	243	7	‡58	50	6	955	0	‖659
12	3	246	10	68	51	1	956	2	†661
13	14	260	0	68	52	2	‡958	3	‖664
14	25	285	4	72	53	1	959	6	670
15	7	292	0	72	54	0	959	19	689
16	18	§310	6	‖78	55	12	971	90	779
17	18	§328	3	81	56	137	1108	0	779
18	7	†355	2	83	57	13	‖1121	1	780
19	24	359	7	90	58	9	1130	4	784
20	6	365	25	115	59	8	1138	23	807
21	61	426	0	115	60	0	‡1138	3	810
22	27	453	13	128	61	57	‖1195	1	‡811
23	168	621	6	‡134	62	4	1199	5	816
24	3	§624	9	143	63	16	1215	29	845
25	18	642	111	254	64	0	1215	5	850
26	3	*645	1	255	65	0	1215	87	937
27	0	645	10	265	66	5	1220	173	1110
28	5	650	4	269	67	31	1251	0	1110
29	36	686	3	‡272	68	9	1260	34	1144
30	3	689	0	272	69	33	1293	25	1169
31	88	777	0	272	70	3	1296	202	†1374
32	14	†791	2	274	71	2	1298	4	1378
33	3	794	65	339	72	9	‡1307	3	1381
34	12	‡806	6	345	73	116	1423	13	†1394
35	8	814	102	†447	74	2	1425	0	1394
36	2	816	0	447	75	11	1436	41	1435
37	26	842	21	468	76	46	1482	2	1437
38	0	842	9	477	77	2	1484	8	1445
39	0	842	32	509	78	16	1500		

Forfeits—*1; †2; ‡3; ‖3; §1.

SUMMARY.

Melvin Foster and John Deery, at Grover's Theatre, Washington, D. C., on the evening of Monday, January 23d, 1865. Fifteen hundred points up, caroms, on a second size, four pocket, Phelan & Collender Standard American Table; with two and three eights inches balls; for $250 a side: governed by the rules established by the Billiard Congress of 1863. Score—Foster, 1500; Deery, 1445. Innings—Foster, 78; Deery, 77. Average—Foster, 19-18; Deery, 18-59. Highest runs—Deery, 205; Foster, 170. Time, 4 hours and 23 minutes. Umpires—for Deery, Mr. Kendall; for Foster, Mr. Pierce (Hank Mudge). Referee—Thomas T. Stone. Marker—Thomas Washington.

Dodging the Fox is a little game that some parties are trying to engraft on to the game of billiards, but we warn Dudley Kavanagh, the present champion, not to lend himself or be sold to so mean a thing as not to give Louis Fox, of Rochester, a fair and square opportunity to measure cues with him for the much coveted gold mounted cue and all the honors thereto accruing; for if he does he will much tarnish a reputation that he has striven hard to acquire. Fox has put up his money, and challenged Kavanagh to a match openly and in due form, so let the next match for the Championship be properly carried out to the finale, to the end that billiards may live and not die. Fox's turn first, and Deery can then come in, and not *vice versa*, as seems to be the "little arrangement" of the usurping management of these champion matches.

Billiards in Boston.—On the 25th ult., two matches, to which a good deal of local interest was attached, were played at Bowdoin Hall, Boston. The match in the morning was for $200, caroms, 100 points up, best in nine games, between Messrs. Peck and Truesdale, which the former won in five straight games, as follows:—

Peck..........100, 100, 102, 102, 109.
Truesdale..........87, 44, 82, 86, 93.

The match in the evening was for $1000, on the same conditions as the morning match, between the same players, when Peck won again, according to the following totals:—

Peck..........100, 100, 58, 100, 80, 81, 102, 101.
Truesdale..........74, 52, 100, 45, 100, 101, 57, 29.

Peck's highest runs in all the games was 41, and Truesdale's 47.

The Pennsylvania Billiard Championship Match is to be played at Sansom Street Hall, Philadelphia, between Victor Estephe and John Montgomery, on February 16th.

The Connecticut Championship Match takes place at Allyn Hall, Hartford, Ct., between G. B. Hubbell and Mr. Hunt, on February 21st.

THE TURF.

REVIEW OF THE PAST RACING SEASON.

CONCLUDED.

The Louisville, St. Louis and Springfield Fall Meetings.

We conclude our review of the past racing season with a retrospective glance at the three great turf meetings of the Southwest—the Louisville, St Louis and Springfield. The Louisville (Ky.) meeting commenced on the Woodlawn Course, on Monday, Oct. 10th, with a mile-heat sweepstakes race for three year olds, and for it the flying Asteroid (reported to be the best of Mr. Alexander's magnificent lot of Lexington's sons) was brought out. His opponents were Mr. Ford's br. c. Grant, and Mr. Clay's b. c. Revolver; but the race was never in doubt, as Asteroid won both heats without being fairly extended, in 1:48¾–1:50¼. Mr. Alexander followed up his success in the next race, for all ages, mile heats, which he won with his br. c. by Lexington, beating Mr. Harper's famous filly, Sue Lewis—the latter winning the first heat in 1:51¾; and the former the two next, in 1:48¼–1:50¼; Grant and Georgie Wood also ran. On the second day, Mr. Harper's br. c., Rhinodine, frightened away all opposition in the three-mile heat race, and Lady Sudley won the mile-heat race in two straight heats in 1:53–1:52—beating three others. The two-mile heat race on the third day produced an excellent race between Mr. Alexander's Beacon, Mr. Harper's Easter, and Mr. Clay's Zero and Blackrock; Beacon being the favorite at even against the field at the start, and after he won the first heat, $100 to $15 was laid on him. The confidence of his backers, however, proved to be misplaced, as Easter won the two succeeding heats, Zero being third in each heat, and Blacklock distanced in the second; the time was 3:54–3:46¾–3:58¼. The two-year old race, dash of a mile, was won by Mr. Alexander's b. f. Maiden by Lexington, beating Sally Holton and Revolver in 1:48¼, in splendid style, long odds having been bet on Sally Holton proving the winner. Maiden was subsequently sold by Mr. Alexander, together with Beacon, also a Lexington, for the large sum of $11,000—Capt. T. W. Moore being the purchaser, on account of Mr. Coffey of this City. On the fourth day, Mr. Clay's Scorpa Wood beat Mr. Harper's Sue Lewis, with $100 to $50 on her, mile heats, in 1:49–1:50¾–1:54. On the sixth and last day after Asteroid had walked over for the two mile heat purse, Grant beat Blacklock and Zero for the Association Purse, mile heats, in 1:48¾–1:47–1:50–1:50—Blacklock taking the first heat. Nothing opposed Rhinodine for the four mile heat purse; and a mile heat handicap, won by John Holton beating Lucy Darley in 1:50–1:49¾, terminated a successful meeting, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, which made the going heavy, and the time, in consequence, far from fast.

The Laclede Association Fall Meeting commenced at St. Louis on Monday, October 17th, with a race for two year olds, and was won by Mr. Hutchinson's b. c. by Eclipse, beating Knight of St. Louis and b. g. by Bonnie Laddie, in 1:22¼. The next race, for three year olds, mile heats, produced one of the most exciting contests ever witnessed. There were five starters, Caroline Richings, Young Bonnie Scotland, Dr. Lindsay, Waterloo, and c. by Knight of St. George. Young Bonnie Scotland won the first heat in 1:48¼; Dr. Lindsay the second, in 1:49¾; and these two having pumped themselves out by racing together in these heats, Caroline Richings, ridden by the well-known jockey Abe in the most patient and artistic manner, had no difficulty in winning the two next and the race in 1:57¼—2:01¼; Young Bonnie Scotland being second, Dr. Lindsay third, and Waterloo and Knight of St. George colt, both distanced in the last heat. The third race, mile heats, showed us Dr. Weldon's old mare Sympathy, (now owned by Messrs. Morton and Simms, Illinois,) once more in the same form she displayed when she astonished everybody by cutting down Thunder and Edgar in fine style, for she defeated Surprise, Monsoon, Abu Beker, and b. h. by Sovereign, in 1:49¾—1:49—1:53¼; Surprise taking the first heat, and the other three distanced in the third and last. The world-famous Idlewild added another to her long roll of victories on the second day, for in the mile heat race, open to all horses, each carrying 100 lbs., she defeated Crichton, Legal Tender, Breen, and General Rosencrans, (the last three distanced) in 1:47¼—1:49. The veteran Red Oak never gave Jimmy Kelly (formerly Bowen) a chance in the three mile heat race, for he won in two straight heats in 5:49—5:48¼.

The two year old race, single dash of a mile, on the third day, brought out four contestants, viz.: Captain Moore's b c Blue Flag, Mr. Hutchinson's Eclipse b c, Mr. Kelly's b c Knight of St. Louis, and Mr. Renfrew's c c by Lexington. After a capital race, Blue Flag won cleverly in 1:50¼. Mr. Harper's fleet filly Easter repeated her Louisville victory, and showed that she could get a distance by beating Legal Tender, West Roxbury, and Surprise in the two mile heat race; the first heat was won by Legal Tender, and the two next by Easter—time, 3:51; 3:48¼; 3:45¼. On the fourth day, Mr. Hutchinson's Knight of St. George c won the three year old sweepstakes of mile heats, beating Young Bonnie Scotland, Dr. Lindsay, and the Lexington c out of Gloriana; time, 1:51; 1:49. Blacklock beat Leatherlungs, Surprise, and Sympathy in the mile heat race for all ages; time, 1:49; 1:48¼; 1:49. Gen. Rosencrans defeated Breeze in a match of a mile and a quarter, and Easter pursued her victorious career by winning the two mile dash race in 3:45, and defeating Mr. Renfrew's b c and Dr. Weldon's b c Dr. Lindsay. In the four mile heat race, Red Oak cut down Leatherlungs and Idlewild (distanced) cleverly in 7:57; 7:53. Blacklock won the two mile dash, beating Legal Tender in 3:43¼. The mile heat handicap was carried off by Mr. Renfrew's Sovereign colt cutting down Breeze, Monsoon, Sympathy (second), and Annie Tarleton; time, 1:49¼; 1:46¼. In the race for beaten two year olds, Knight of St. Louis was successful over Mr. Renfrew's Lexington colt; time, 1:57; and Abu Beker won the dash of a mile, beating Belmont and Dr. Lindsay.

The extra day of the meeting (Oct. 24) had two races; the first a dash of a mile being won by Monsoon beating Legal Tender, Breeze, General Rosencrans and Abu Beker; time 1.46¾. The second race, a two mile heat handicap, was contested by three horses, Prolific, Leatherlungs and Young Bonnie Scotland; the former winning in 3.44¼, 3.44¼, with Leatherlungs second. This terminated the St. Louis Fall Meeting.

The Fall Meeting of the Illinois Central Racing Association at Springfield closed the sports of the turf for the season of 1864. It commenced on Monday, Nov. 14th, and although the weather was unfavorable, the racing was first-class, and the success of this, the initiatory meeting, augurs well for the future successful cultivation of the legitimate sports of the turf in that State. The first race was mile heats, and in it Mr. Renfrew's Legal Tender showed improvement on his St. Louis form, for he beat Surprise and Capt. Wiles in three straight heats in 2.04, 2.01¼, 2.17, over

a very heavy track. Mr. Renfrew followed up his good fortune by winning the two year old race, dash of a mile, with his ch. c. by Lexington, dam Miss Lightfoot, beating Mr. Van Liew's r. c. Unknown, in 2.16. He threw in again with Mamona, for she won the mile dash in 1:54¼, beating Abu Beker and Dr. Lindsay. Sympathy upheld the honor of the State (for she is now owned in Illinois) by cleverly defeating Legal Tender and Surprise in the two mile heat race in 4:02¾, 4:02. On the fourth day Surprise won the mile heat race for Western bred horses in 1:59, 1:58, 2:01, 2:04, beating Fanny Fern and Young Burnton; Fanny Fern won the first heat, Young Burnton the second (he was distanced in the third) and Surprise the third and fourth. The veteran Red Oak won the three mile heat race in 6:08, distancing Prairie Bird (late Caroline Richings) who lost her weight, and Surprise, the winner of the previous race. The fifth day of the meeting witnessed the victory of Legal Tender over Dr. Lindsay (who won the first heat) Abu Beker and Captain Wiles, in 1:52¼, 1:52¾, 1:54. Sympathy beat Mamona in a two mile dash in 3:51 the same day, while on the sixth and last day of the meeting Mamona won the mile dash in 1:53, beating Billy Fanning, Captain Wiles and Jenny Lind. The four mile heat race for the St. Nicholas purse wound up the meeting, and here again old Red Oak triumphed, beating Prairie Bird and Surprise (distanced); the time not being taken.

It will be perceived from this summary of the racing season of 1864, that the turf in the Northern and Western States has attained a degree of prosperity which it never before enjoyed. This is seen in the vast amount of added money at the different meetings, the number of thoroughbreds that have started, the immense attendance that have enjoyed the sport, and the high quality of the racing that has been witnessed.

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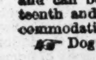
T. W. FENTON, [35-6m] A. S. DOLE.



Come and see the Smallest Dogs in the WORLD—Together with a fine collection of Japanese Rats, all colors, naturally tame, and a number of the Canine Race; also, a fine Picture Gallery. These dogs are kept for stock, and can be seen at FLETCHER'S Hotel, N. W. corner of Thirteenth and Girard Avenue. Rats always on hand and good accommodation for dogs.
Dogs trimmed and treated for all diseases. 39-tf

Charley Grevesteen's Champion
MUSIC HALL, CONCERT SALOON, AND
GALLERY OF SPORTING CELEBRITIES,
No. 654 BROADWAY, between Bleecker and Bond sts.,
Beautiful and fascinating Lady Waiters. Unsurpassed Shooting Gallery. Prof. Dorge, Supt. Grand Orchestral Music, with Selections from the Favorite Operas. Superior Viands and Havanas of the Finest Brands. Admission free. [40-3m*
CHARLES GROVESTEEN. MISS KATE STANTON.

Do Drop In,
BY BILLY DONNELLY.
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.
156 AVENUE C, corner of Tenth street, New York. 26

The California Exchange,
NO. 428 BROOME STREET, near Broadway.
JAMES FITZGERALD & JOHN McATEE, Proprietors.
Messrs. Fitzgerald & McAtee having bought out the above well known house, and re-stocked it with the
CHOICEST ALES, WINES, LIQUORS AND SEGARS,
Request a call from all their sporting and other friends, and assure the public of polite attention and everything of the best brands.
A SPLENDID BALL ROOM is attached. 43 3m*

TUMBLE-DOWN MILL
BETWEEN
PATSY MARLEY AND JOHNNY DEVINE.
143 ROUNDS FOUGHT (?) IN 3 HOURS.

THE advent of "The Marley" among the specie-paying denizens of California was duly chronicled some weeks ago; also, the circumstances connected therewith, according to the St. Helen's hero, and there is no necessity for repetition, except to say that Marley now claims to have went out there as mate of the clipper ship "Marmion," instead of being "shanghaed," as was stated then; also, the fact of his being matched with the Shanghae Chicken (Devine) for $500 a side; and we have now, therefore, nothing further to do than to give a brief synopsis of Marley's performances in the Prize Ring. He was born at Connemara, Ireland, in 1839, stands 5 ft. 5 in. in height, and on the present occasion weighed 160 lbs. According to his own statement, he has fought thirteen Ring fights previously. His first mill of any consequence was with Mug Andrew, for £20 a side, whom he licked in 7 rounds, 12 minutes; he then waxed Harry Anders, for a 20 "quid" purse, in 7 rounds, 10 minutes; beat Bill Magan, for £25 a side, in 54 rounds; beat Tinker Levins, Cheshire Champion, for £50 a side, 58 rounds, 1 hour, 20 minutes; beaten by Harry Burgess, £100, 61 rounds, 1 hour, 21 minutes; beaten by Jack Parton, £100, 13 rounds, 21 min. In Aug., 1863, he arrived in New York, and first appeared in the American Ring in an off-hand match with Con Orem for a purse, in the same Ring as Ned Wilson and Con Fitzgerald, at Port Penn, Del., when 76 rounds were fought in 2 hours and 5 minutes, ending in a draw, Oct. 27, 1863. His next battle was with Harris, at Gwynned Station, Pa., on the 4th of May, 1864, when he was defeated, after fighting 70 rounds in 1 hour and 35 minutes.

Of Devine we know little or nothing, except that he hails from Waterford, Ireland; is about twenty-three years old, and weighed 140 lbs.

The present match was made at Bill Clarke's, Sportsman's Hall, Kearney street, San Francisco, Cal., to come off on the 22d of Jan., but getting tired of waiting eight or nine weeks, it was "brought forward," as the "knights of the quill" would say, a month, and instead of being for $500 a side, it was for a $76 purse, which looks mighty small potatoes for California. It seems that little or no effort is ever made at Frisco to spoil sport, as we find the steamer "San Antonio" publicly advertised to start from the Vallejo street wharf on the morning of the 29d of December, and waiting three hours after the time they should have started for a "crowd," which did not come. About 175 sporters took tickets for the excursion, and after a decidedly philly and uneventful cruise of two hours, the "Antonio" made Point Isabel wharf, San Pablo Range, at 11½ A. M. At half past one the Ring was pitched, and the combatants jerked their head covers therein. Marley was, as usual, full of flesh and as fat as a porpoise, while Devine appeared in first rate trim, having got rid of all superfluous beef leaving no corporeal encumbrance whatever. Marley was accompanied by Clarke and Malloy as his seconds; Devine by Con Mooney and Walker. Milling commenced at 1½ P. M., by neither man exchanging a hit, both clinching and going down in the Chicken's corner without a blow. In the second round Devine got in a ripper with his right fork on Marley's kisser, splitting his upper lip, drawing the carmine and getting first blood. Round five looked bad for Patsy, as he so far forgot himself as to smite Johnny on the breast-plate after he had squatted his termi--us on the cold, cold ground. From the 11th to the 17th rounds the Chicken had a particular fondness for the art of tumbling, as he careened every round without a lick, amid the jeers and laughter from the crowd, accompanied by remarks anything but complimentary to the tumbler's courage. By a piece of good luck, Johnny managed to heave Patsy over his shoulder in the 18th round, but they never hit each other, as that would have been too much of a good thing. Nothing unusual occurred except the same get down tactics on Devine's part, until the 28th round, when Marley helped him to fall by a spirited clip on the right shoulder, gaining first knock down. Rounds 32 to 48 ended by the Chicken's voluntary downfall before the Connemara ram could land, except in the 34th, when Marley received a stinger on the mazzard. At the 49th round Devine napped a sockdologer on the right cheek, leaving an opening and hastening his progress to Mother Earth. In the 53d, Marley copped a stunner on the Irish snoot, which hurried him down instead of up. The fight continued in this style, the similarity of the rounds not warranting extended notice, until the 143d round, when Marley followed Devine to his corner and let out his right duke for Devine's dial, but over reached, Devine going down against the rope. Loud cries of "foul" from Devine's corner. Being decided a "foul" by the referee, Devine was withdrawn from the ring, ending the mill.

From the above it will be perceived that but little attention was paid to the rules of the ring. Devine claims the stakes by a "foul." [We can't see how the foul occurred for our part, according to the jumbled-up reports which have reached us.—ED. CLIP.] Marley denies that he has any right thereto, and so the matter stood when the last steamer left California. The money ($76) is hardly worth grumbling about; but that Marley had all the best of the so-called prize fight must be admitted by all. Everything went off agreeably except the unsatisfactory termination—no outside musses or shooting, not even a "drunk" occurring to afford material for a side incident.

A BENEFIT FOR THE RETURNED CALIFORNIAN.—Pete Dailey, whose arrival we chronicled last week, denies "that he had to leave California," and under the impression that an injury had been done him, requests us to set him right before his friends and the public. Dailey is very much mistaken as to our meaning in the notice alluded to, and what with the ravings of pretended advisors, of whom the Scotch proverb is very apropos:

"It's muckle cry and little woo
As the de'il said when he clipped the soo,"

—and others, evidently think that a bad interpretation may be rendered. We have only to say from all we ever heard of Dailey we have never had occasion to speak other than well of him as a game and clever boxer, which was fully evidenced in his battle with Johnny Lazarus for $2000 and the Light Weight Championship of California. To show their appreciation of his merits, the sporting fraternity have tendered Dailey a sparring benefit, to come off at the Stuyvesant Institute on Wednesday, Feb. 1, when no end of boxing talent will come forward and bear a hand. His old chum, Billy Dwyer, whose fights with Collins and Walker have made his name famous all over the Pacific Coast, and whose off-hand contest with Jack Turner, recently, has satisfied the people here of what stuff he's made, is working with a will for Peter, and will box any man of his size on the occasion. Bill Davis is expected on here on a "special mission." Harry Hill will spread himself with Kehoe's clubs, and lots of others will do their prettiest. Billy Donnelly is to wind up with Dailey, and this alone should be sufficient to fill the house. Father Tovee has now recovered sufficient to officiate as M. C., and it will be good for sore eyes to see him around again. All for 50 cents.

WOODS IN BOSTON.—The soldier boxer, John Woods, who is anything but a wooden man, was in Boston last week visiting his relatives, friends, and others, determined to make the most of his furlough, which he hopes to get lengthened. While there his old pals were not unmindful of his august presence, even if it was January, and knowing how free-hearted he has always been with his coin, they determined to get him up a monster benefit, which took place at Tammany Hall on the 24th ult., and went off with considerable *eclat*, if not more. Carroll (the Careless Boy) had the management of it, which was a sufficient guarantee that every thing would be done decently and in order. The first set-to was between the well known men Brock and Bird, and the audience had a fine exhibition of the gloves. Brock had much the advantage, and he was loudly cheered. The second bout was between Dillingham and Butler, the former gaining all the points. Sweeny and Siddons next contended, and the result was in favor of Siddons. Tom Hughes and Zeke Perry then appeared and did themselves much credit, the former carrying away the palm. Butler and friend now went in, and the friend knocked Butler out of sight. Tom McMorrow set-to with Sol Aaron, but it would have puzzled a Dutchman to say who was best. Mr. McCarty gave a good exhibition of the Indian club exercise, and he and John Woods gave the wind-up. Carroll, not being well, declined to appear with Woods, but being loudly called for, went in for a round with Brock, and this was a fine show of the glove combat.

BOUND OVER.—Rockey Moore, Owney Geogheghan, and Lewy Beiral were each put under $500 bonds, one day last week, to appear at the Court of General Sessions when called upon to answer the charge of assault, &c., made against them by James Irving. Whether this will be the end of this somewhat curious case, we shall see in due course of time.

THE BELFAST BARBER MATCHED.—Pat McKeever and the Belfast Barber met at Pat Gallagher's, 1505 Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia, the other day, and put up $50 a side to fight for $600 in the same ring as Davis and Dunn. They have considerable notoriety among the city of Brotherly Lovers, mean business, and it is thought by their friends will make a good battle. The Barber's patronymic has frequently been mentioned in our columns, and his rival is not unknown to fame.

DIGITAL DISPLAY AT TROY.—A correspondent writes us that Mike Ford, of Hoosick Falls, and Jack Hickey had a fight on the 27th ult., near Waterford, N. Y., for $200, in a room, which was won by Mickey striking his man foul. It is reported that they are to meet again shortly. Tom Hagen was the backer of Ford, while Tim Hickey found the "galoots" for his namesake.

ROOSTER MAIN AT KALAMAZOO.—On the 19th ult., the sport-loving residents of Kalamazoo, Mich., had a lively time on the occasion of a main between Ed. Abrams, proprietor of the Billiard Room at the Kalamazoo House, and Ormsby, the famous cock-fighter of Battle Creek, twelve birds each, for $300. Betting opened in favor of Abrams' cocks at $100 to $75, and at the middle of the match was even, although it looked in favor of Abrams, but at the end of the battle, Battle Creek was one bird ahead and thus won the main.

CHALLENGE TO RATTING DOGS.—Bill Fletcher, of the northwest corner of Thirteenth and Girard avenue, Philadelphia, has a dog eighteen years old and 28lbs in weight, which he will match against any other dog of the same age and weight to kill 100 or 200 rats for $100 or $200 a side. Also a pup, 18lbs weight, to kill 100 rats for $100 against one of the same weight. Fletcher says that his dog, Punch, is still open to kill 100 rats for $100 against an 8 pounder. Who'll take them up?

CHANGED HANDS.—The California Exchange, No. 428 Broome street, near Broadway, lately kept by Johnny Lazarus, has been bought out by Messrs. James Fitzgerald and John McAtee, two young fellows well known and respected among the sporting fraternity, and it is hoped that the Exchange will go on flourishing more than ever under its new management.

DUNN AND DAVIS have to post another $100 a side at 401 Columbia street, Brooklyn, on Wednesday, the 1st inst.

ANOTHER STRANGER IN TOWN.—MATT HOGAN'S BENEFIT.—How long Matt. Hogan has been in town we haven't learned; but we see that he is up for a benefit at Emmett Hall, E. 12th street, on Thursday, 2d inst., and Owney Geogheghan is advertised to wind up with him. Hogan has figured once in the P. R., defeating Pete Murray, near Memphis, Tenn., in 75min., on the 22d of May, 1859; he was also matched with Jim Coburn in the same year, but paid forfeit of $50. The East Siders will no doubt give Matt. a bumper.

DEATH OF JIMMY PECKHAM.—This clever and much-respected sport has cashed in his checks at the early age of 32. He died on the 28th Jan., and his funeral took place on the 30th. Jimmy used to be in partnership with Alec Gildersleeve in a noted sporting house on Broadway; he was a member of the Gladiator Benevolent Association, and that body turned out quite numerously at his funeral.

JOE GOSS SENT UP FOR SIX WEEKS.—Goss' late assault on an unfortunate woman in Wolverhampton, when he was let off by paying a fine of £25, created considerable feeling against him, not only in England, but here also. We now learn that he has got into trouble again over a similar case. This time his victim was a young female named Flora Hamilton, whom Goss assaulted in Leicester square, by striking her several times in the face and kicking her in the groin. On being brought before the magistrate, Mr. Tyrrwhit remarked that Goss "was just one of those fellows who are to be found about town, who, not being able to get what they wish, punish females in the way the complainant has been," and committed him for six weeks with hard labor.

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

OWEN S. FAWCETT,

Born at No. 11, Harrington street, Hampstead road, London, Eng., November 21st, 1838, and came to this country with his parents in November, 1841. Resided in Philadelphia for some time. Joined John A Keenan's travelling Dramatic Company in 1853, and made his first appearance on any stage, November 18th, of that year, as Delve in "Loan of a Lover." Remained with this strolling company six months. In July, 1854, he visited Baltimore, where he made his *debut* at the Charles street Theatre, but he remained but a short time, as business was queer, and the manager sherried his nibs, leaving the fakirs to face the music, and minus their flimsies. It is said that the "Ghost" was not known to take a healthy walk any week during the managerial speculation. Master Fawcett then experienced the first vicissitudes of show life, he returning to Philadelphia minus several weeks mopusses. He remained in Philadelphia three years in a Life and Fire Insurance Company as clerk. Becoming tired of such a monotonous life, and having a hankering for the footlights once more, he gave up the business and joined a company then forming in that city for the Norfolk, Va., Theatre, under the management of Messrs. Gile, Cappell and Clark, and left the Quaker City for that city, September 12th, 1857, by the steamer City of Norfolk. When only one day out at sea she sprung a leak, and on Monday morning, at day-light, she went to pieces, then ten miles south of Chincoteague, the passengers (consisting of the entire dramatic company) and crew barely having time to take to the boats, saving nothing but what clothes they had on before she went down. After being in the small boats in a heavy sea and high N. N. W. wind about nine hours, they were picked up by the steamship Joseph Whitney. The company finally reached their haven—Norfolk—but after a disastrous season returned North, and the subject of our sketch engaged with the veteran manager and actor, Charles S Porter, for the Pittsburgh Theatre, opening there in September, 1858, and remained during the season. Leaving the Smokey City, he returned to Philadelphia and joined Joseph Parker's travelling company, then about to start on a long tour through the States of Virginia, North and South Carolina, remaining with this party from May, 1859, till August, 1860, and performing in over fifty towns, playing the low comedy parts with great credit for one so young in years as well as in his profession. For the season of 1860-1 he was engaged by Manager John T. Ford for the Holliday street Theatre, Baltimore, where he remained for four years, excepting the summer seasons of 1861-63, when he was engaged at the Winter Garden Theatre, New York, and Glenn's Theatre, Norfolk, Va. During his term of service with Mr. Ford, he appeared at his theatres in Washington and Alexandria very frequently, doing the second low comedy business. At the commencement of the season of 1864-5, he was engaged by Mrs. M. A. Garrettson, for the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, but, before the season commenced, a compromise was made, and he was especially secured by John S. Clarke to play the opposite part with him, viz., The Dromio, in "The Comedy of Errors," at the Winter Garden, New York, he having played the same character with Mr. Clarke in Washington. Previously, however, to the production of "The Comedy of Errors," Mr. Fawcett was called upon to take the character of Icebrook in "Everybody's Friend," in consequence of the illness of A. H. Davenport, who had been playing the *role*. Mr. Fawcett performed the part in a very creditable manner, and received the hearty applause of a very critical audience. The "Comedy of Errors" was produced on the 3d of October, 1864, and Mr. Fawcett appeared as The Dromio of Ephesus. His mimicry of Mr. Clarke was close, and yet not labored, and he capitally seconded the performance of Mr. Clarke. Although but twenty-six years of age, Mr. Fawcett displays a research and profundity actually surprising, and a fervent sympathy with his profession which cannot fail to impress itself upon those who witness his impersonations. He has subjected himself to the most rigid training, and his education has been such as but few actors have the patience to submit to. As a consequence, we find him careful, generally correct, always confidently honest, but with nerves drawn to their highest tension, even where such rigidity only reveals the discipline through which they have passed. What may be characterized as severe in his acting will soon give way to the spontaneity which is now only held in check, and then, with his agreeable *physique*, and his delicate appreciation of character in all its phases, will place him in the front ranks with our best comedians. So few men there are who attain a position beyond the ordinary average of mortals, that, when we see germs of a *positive genius* developing in manhood, we have ever held it a solemn duty to humanity to assist towards the great end. Some men there are who will attain a supremacy without the aid of an outstretched arm to cheer and encourge their labors as they mount the steps to the temple of Excelsior. On the other hand, men of intuitive worth, redundant with genius, overflowing with natural talent, have their energies so apostacised for lack of encouragement, that instead of leaving a name and memory behind to be remembered and revered; like the glow-worm, their existence has been ephemeral, and the knowledge of their ever having tenanted this orb almost as soon forgotten. We know not of which nature Mr. Fawcett partakes, but an assisting hand will serve in either case to stimulate, nerve and accelerate his action, that the point may be sooner gained, when he may say like Cæsar, *Veni! vidi! vici!* That Mr. Fawcett already fills a proud position in the dramatic world, among the brightest lights of eccentric comedians, there cannot be a doubt, for he has appeared in several low comedy parts with success. As an eccentric comedian, Mr. F. is of superior power. He has a fund of rare humor to guide him in his delineations. He makes up for the diverse characters which he understakes with true taste, and he acts correctly and in due accordance with the parts in which he appears.

RACE MEETINGS IN CINCINNATI.—It is with pleasure we learn that Dr. R. Underwood, of Lexington, Ky., the celebrated pool auctioneer, has quite recently become the lessee of the Cincinnati Trotting Park, and intends establishing legitimate racing instead of trotting there. He has received an assignment of the lease of the above track from Mr. E. A. Smith, and it is his design to hold spring and fall meetings, on a scale of magnitude and liberality equal if not superior to any held in the west. Dr. Underwood is already the owner of the race track at Lexington and Louisville, and he proposes to make Cincinnati the leading point of the circuit, holding a racing campaign at all three places during the coming season. From Dr. Underwood's long experience on the turf, his intimate connection with, and great popularity among racing men and owners of race horses, his industry and admirable business tact, and high reputation for honor and integrity, we augur the most flattering anticipations of success for his enterprise in establishing the legitimate sports of the turf at the Queen City. The programme of the Spring Meeting will be published in a few days. We sincerely hope, however, that Dr. Underwood's new duties will not prevent us having the pleasure of hearing his well-known enquiry, "How much for next choice?" at the approaching Paterson and Saratoga Meetings.

THE LONG ISLAND CRICKET CLUB, contrary to their expectations, will not be able to play on their old grounds at Bedford, L. I., now occupied by the New York and Willow Clubs, simply because there are no days to spare; furthermore, if the New York Club had a day to spare they would feel bound to give it to the Bowling Club, several of the members of which belong to the New York Cricket Club so as to have the privilege of bowling on its grounds when not in use for cricket. The Long Island Club will be able, however, to secure a playing-ground somewhere in the vicinity, we doubt not.

HAS A DOG.—J. McGlinchy, 9 India street, Portland, Me., has a 25 lb. dog which he will match to fight any other man's dog of the same weight, for $500 or $1,000 a side. Any person desirous of making a match can be accommodated. He will give or take expenses for the choice of place of fighting.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE PRIZE RING.
From the London Morning Post, Jan. 6.

Assuming that pugilism—as we must assume—is an evil, it is a still greater evil that it should be condemned, prohibited, and punished upon erroneous grounds and for a fictitious reason. A boxing match may come within the definition of a dangerous sport—a sport too dangerous to be allowed by law; or it may come within the definition of cruelty to animals—the boxers having about as much choice and interest in the matter as the dogs which are kept for a like purpose, and, therefore, be properly forbidden by the law; but a boxing match cannot be considered as a breach of the peace, which is the ground on which it is prohibited, any more than a fencing match, or a single-stick match, or a wrestling match. Whether it is more dangerous than these or than hunting, steeple chasing, going up in a balloon, following the vocation of an acrobat, and performing on the flying trapeze and the high rope, like Blondin and Leotard, and the like, is not the question here. Nor is it the question whether it is more cruel than many other things which are not forbidden by the law, and which are considered as legitimate and even laudable pastimes. The point is that it is a mere fiction of law to call a boxing match a breach of the peace, while there may not be wanting good reasons for objecting to such an exhibition. It is easy to understand the principle upon which dog-fights may be considered objectionable. The animals really are made furious, and would destroy each other if they could. They are mere passive creatures in the hands of those who incite them. In this there is a difference and an agreement when compared with a boxing match. The boxers themselves really have no more ill-feeling than two wrestlers, or fencers, or single-stick players, or even chess players or card players. All that each does is to try his utmost to place the other *hors du combat*, or to gain the greatest number of points. He has no intention or wish at all to kill his antagonist. He may kill him, it is true, but only in the same way as a wrestler may kill his antagonist—that is, by accident. His primary object is only to win, and not to injure his opponent. The injuries he inflicts are only the means to an end, not the end itself; whereas in a dog fight each combatant tries to injure the other for the sake of it, from anger and fury. The law itself draws a distinction between the presence and the absence of will and intention in cases of injury and homicide. But here the difference between prize boxers and fighting dogs appears to vanish. The prize boxer is nearly as much the property of a particular class of sporting speculators as the race horse or the fighting dog. He is cared for and paid in proportion to his powers of winning money for his backers, pretty much in the same way as his four-footed analogues. The canine gladiator is about as much an object of consideration as his biped *collaborateur* in winning money for the sporting capitalist. The fabulous stakes of thousands of pounds for which boxers are advertised to contend are only nominally their own. The famous dogs, like the Billies and Cribs, or the famous horses, like Eclipse, the Marquis, Bloomsbury, Blair Athol, have about as much pecuniary and real interest in the stakes they are said to win as the boxers. The more they can win the more backers they will find, and the better they will be paid and cared for. Still they box of their own free will. They are not brought face to face and irritated into fury. Their seconds do not rub their noses together to exasperate them. A man who voluntarily stands up in front of another to give and take as many hard knocks with his clenched fist as can be administered on either side, receives his punishment with his own free choice, just as much as a single-stick player.

Canning is said to have defended boxing matches on the ground that two blackguards were sure to be well thrashed. The professional gentlemen of the Ring themselves would, perhaps, say that this might be applicable to a street fight arising out of a real quarrel between two roughs; but that it is not applicable to a boxing match, in which there is no quarrel at all, and would be as orderly as a cricket match, a running match, a wrestling match, or a balloon ascent, if the police were present to keep order in the one case as in the other. We can all imagine what sort of order would reign at public amusements of all sorts indoor and outdoor, and even in the public thoroughfares, if the police were conspicuous by their absence for only a single day! We are trying, by way of experiment, to look at the case from the point of view which the gentlemen who would consider themselves most interested would be inclined to take. Suppose a man is born to work under ground in a mine, or to sink wells, or lay bricks, or carry hods of mortar up a ladder from morning till night, and from year's end to year's end, till in the decrepitude of old age he finds a refuge in the alms house. But this man may possess qualities which—though they will not now raise him in the world, circumstanced as he is, and with his antecedents and lack of education, except as a prize boxer—might at one period in the world's history have made him a hero. He may be endowed with wonderful powers of endurance, moral and physical; he may be capable of being felled to the ground a score of times with blows that would nearly stun an ox, and rise up laughing after every fall, like the giant of old, stronger from the contact with his mother earth. He may possess a courage that nothing can daunt, a steadiness that nothing can disturb. He might have risen in old Rome as Marius did, and he might face with glee as many foes as Cocles or Dentatus. But his endowments, bodily and mental, are not of the class that enable men now to rise in the world by commerce, by science, or by art. Arithmetic and merchants' accounts would stupefy him, and make him mad. To study even the rudiments of any art or science of his age and with his antecedents, or perhaps even in early childhood, would induce something like paralysis or softening of the brain. His eye, so quick to parry a mortal blow, or to detect an opening in his adversary's defences to throw in a hit that will settle the contest, may be able to see no difference between the masterpieces of Rafaelle and Titian, or even the productions of his friend, the artist pugilist, Mr. James Ward. Yet this man, by the receipt and delivery of hard blows in a fair stand-up fight, can rise to what, compared with his original position, is a state of affluence, and—which every man prizes according to his lights and in his own way—of fame. For this he risks his life, as other men risk theirs—as sailors, as soldiers, as hunters, as rope walkers, as flying-trapeze performers, and in numbers of other dangerous vocations. We are placing the matter in the light in which the knights of the fist view it themselves, without undertaking to endorse their notions. At all events, if prize-boxing is prohibited and punished, let it be so, on the intelligible and reasonable principle that it is a dangerous and cruel pastime, and let all other dangerous and cruel pastimes be prohibited too. To let a man come up to be knocked down after there is no chance of his winning, and when he is helpless, is simply barbarous, and ought no more to be allowed in prize boxing than in single stick or wrestling.

[The last paragraph in this article, says *Bell's Life*, is the only one of which it is more incumbent on us to take notice. The arguments in favor of boxing, and the views of the existing law on the subject in the previous portions, are very similar to those continually urged in our columns by ourselves, our correspondent "Habet," and other writers. The final paragraph was no doubt drawn forth by the distorted and exaggerated descriptions of the fight of Wednesday, which have appeared in various daily papers. These accounts were evidently written by perfect novices, who, most likely, had never witnessed a mill, and who, doubtless, mistook shiftiness on the part of Marsden, for extreme depression and exhaustion. All old ring-goers know perfectly well that it is the practice in all well-conducted battles to throw up the sponge when a man's chance is evidently up; and we have repeatedly seen this done against the express wishes of the combatants themselves. On more than one occasion, indeed, we have seen seconds run the risk of personal chastisement at the hand of their principals where they have ventured to act upon their own judgment in crying "a go."]

THE LATE WILLIAM EVANS (YOUNG BROOME).

THE funeral of this well-known pugilist took place on Thursday, Jan. 5, at Willesden Cemetery, but partly owing to the inclemency of the weather, several supporters of the Ring were kept away. The only persons known in connection with the P. R. present were Jesse Hatton and Ned Berridge, but about fifty friends of the deceased, including Messrs. Burridge, Glenn, and Hersey, saw the last of the poor fellow. Few men, perhaps, ever entered the ring whose parentage was more respectable than that of the deceased. William Evans Paytoe (more generally known by the name of Evans) was born at Presteign, in the county of Radnor, twenty-nine years ago. His father was the governor of the Radnorshire County Goals for upwards of twenty years, and which he held down to his death. He was succeeded by his son, Thomas Evans Paytoe, who held the appointment as long as he lived, which was but a few years. The situation was one of great trust, and involved great responsibility. The father was, perhaps, as fine a man as could be seen in a day's journey. In height about 6 ft. 2 in., upright as a wand, with broad chest and immense muscular power, and possessing great activity, he was fit to meet any man not a professional in a pugilistic encounter. His appointment necessarily prevented his engaging in anything of the kind, but in his early youth he had frequently to defend himself, and there was no man in the county who had a chance with him. The mantle of the father would seem to have descended upon the sons, for they were all celebrated for the accomplished use of their digits. John and Tom, the two eldest, were much lighter men than their brother, being not much more than 9 st. each, but they could fight a countryman of any weight, and with their indomitable courage, defeated every one with whom they had a tussle. When a school boy, the little fellow's game and pluck were extraordinary; he never was beaten, and he never cared how big the boy was he had to fight, as several young men in Presteign, who mourn his early death, can testify. His father was a free liver; the iron constitution he possessed gave way, and he fell a prey to that fatal disease—consumption. His son Thomas afterwards died of the same disease, and there being no one to succeed him, the widow removed to London, taking with her her only remaining son. He was then quite a stripling, and after he had been in town some time, he was apprenticed to the business of a modeller. He was a very efficient hand, and earned high wages. He afterwards made acquaintances in some of the sporting houses in town, and ultimately entered the ring. Without being more intemperate in his habit than men in that class usually are, there is no doubt that he lived too fast a life, and the disease which killed his father and brother developed itself in him at a much earlier age than it otherwise would had his mode of life been different. He made an annual tour to Presteign to see his friends and former school fellows, by whom he was always well and hospitably received. His last visit to Presteign was in May, and although he appeared to be in his usual spirits, it was evident to those who knew him that his chest was affected, and that he was wasting away. The news of his death was received in Presteign with great regret.

WRESTLING MATCHES AT MANCHESTER.

THE Copenhagen Grounds, Manchester, Eng., exhibited a stirring and animated scene on the afternoon of Dec. 31, nearly 1,000 persons being present, and the usual excitement consequent on an important wrestling contest prevailed among the visitors. The event arranged for decision was a match, for £25 a side, between H. Counsell (alias Bordy) of Bank Top, near Bury, and J. Meadowcroft, of Radcliffe, to wrestle two out of three back falls, in the Lancashire fashion, at catch weight. Both had previously distinguished themselves in the athletic arena, and Meadowcroft some time ago seemed so invincible that, for the stipulated period, he defeated all his opponents for, and eventually became the absolute owner of, the champion belt given by Mr. Hayes (the proprietor of the Copenhagen grounds) to be contended for by men not exceeding 6 score 6lb weight. For this event Meadowcroft had been trained at Mr. J. Bates', Newton Heath, by B. Taylor, of Failsworth, upon whom his appearance reflected credit, and Counsell (who had probably about 10lb or 12lb the advantage in weight) had been well prepared by J. Acton, of Ashton, at Mr. Thaniel's, near Bury. Meadowcroft was attended in the ring by J. Cross, of Ashton, and J. Bentley, of Starling, near Bury; whilst Counsell was waited upon by his trainer and W. Schora, of Ashton, a suitable referee being mutually agreed upon by the selection of J. Matley (alias Barrel) of the last-named town. Odds of 5 to 4 were offered on Counsell at first, and each was subsequently alternately the favorite, but at start the betting was even, Counsell for choice. The ground upon which the contest came off was exceedingly well kept, but, in consequence of frost, rendered somewhat hard for the safe pursuit of this pastime. Soon after hostilities were commenced the additional weight and consequent strength of Counsell became obvious; and after a brief and almost one-sided struggle the referee decided the first round in favor of Counsell in 2¼ minutes. After this bout 2 to 1 and 3 to 1 were offered against "the Radcliffe hero," and though in the succeeding round he struggled gamely, his efforts were fruitless, Counsell again placing him on his back at the expiration of five minutes. Counsell was therefore declared an easy winner, Meadowcroft on this occasion receiving much more than he bargained for, he appearing to have little or no chance throughout, in consequence of being decidedly overmatched.

On the 2d of January, there was again a bumper attendance, nearly 1,800 persons being present, notwithstanding the winterly aspect of the weather. This attraction was caused by the announcement of a wrestling match between E. Lowe of Whitworth, near Rochdale, and F. Robinson of Ashton, the best of three back falls, Lancashire style, for £25 a side, neither athlete exceeding six score 2 lb. weight. The event gave rise to considerable wagering, and it had been anticipated with eager interest in the vicinities in which the men respectively reside. Each was known to be more than ordinarily proficient when engaged in this sport, probably one of Lowe's best efforts being his victory over W. Schora af Ashton, at the Royal Oak Park Grounds, on the 22d of October last; while Robinson has also frequently competed, and, we believe, has not as yet sustained defeat. Lowe was attended by W. Schora and J. Acton (both of Ashton), and Robinson was esquired by J. Clenagh (alias Little Robin) of Hollinwood, and J. Lumb. H. Counsell (alias Bordy) of Bank Top, near Bury, discharged the duties of referee. The betting was in favor of Robinson, 7 to 4 being laid on him at starting. In the opening bout, the favorite displayed considerable activity, occasionally baffling Lowe's well-meant efforts, and, after 10 minutes 50 secs. had elapsed, the first round ended in favor of Robinson. Odds of 2 to 1 were then invested on the latter, and, in the next struggle, Robinson made quick work of it, and again floored Lowe in the short space of 1 min. 35 secs., thus adding another laurel to his already well-adorned wreath.

TWO MILE SPIN BETWEEN TEDDY MILLS AND SANDERSON.—Nearly 1800 persons assembled at the Royal Oak Park Grounds, Manchester, Eng., to witness a two mile race between the above-named celebrities, for £25 a side. The physiognomy of Mills has become familiar in the provinces, whilst that of Sanderson is by no means unknown in the metropolis; both have ably acquitted themselves on the pedestrian course, but the career of Mills has, on the whole, been especially brilliant, he having scored by far the greater number of triumphs. Mills was accompanied by his usual firm adherent, Mr. W. Price, of Hackney Wick. Sanderson was attended by Mr. G. Parkinson, of Rochdale, and also by B. Taylor, *alias* Rocker, of Failsworth, by the latter of whom he had been well prepared at Mr. J. Bates', Newton Heath. In order to accomplish the distance of two miles upon this course, the men had to run five laps and 265 yards. Mr. Holden was stakeholder, and Mr. Martin officiated as starter, J. Holden, Jr., referee. The betting, which commenced at 5 to 4 on Sanderson, closed at 4 to 1 on him, probably owing to the cause mentioned below. All being in readiness, the signal shot was fired shortly before four o'clock, when Sanderson immediately went to the front and began to cut out the work by about a yard and a half. On going along the far side of the ground in the next lap, the favorite increased his lead to three yards, but Mills subsequently came close, and was only a yard in the rear when they next passed the stand. In this way the pedestrians proceeded, almost without variation in the distance which separated them (covering the first mile in 4 min. 31 sec.), until they arrived at the bend of the course on the left of the stand in the last revolution but one, where Sanderson shot at least six yards ahead, and this he increased to a score in coming along the straight. All hope of the success of Mills was then vain, and he soon afterwards came to a stand, leaving Sanderson to go over the remaining 550 yards of the distance unopposed, and he was afterwards warmly congratulated on his success. The easy victory of Sanderson may, however, in some degree, be attributed to his opponent's illness, and it is only justice to Mills to state here, that before he entered the course he made no secret of the fact.

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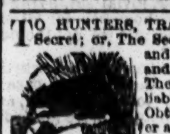

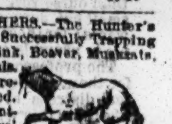

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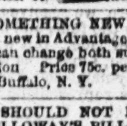

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THE CHILD OF THE THEATRE;

OR,

Strange Things Will Happen.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Remnants of barbarism will be found to disfigure every age, and even our own is not free from them. One of these must be accounted for in the bad opinion which is entertained of actors, in several quarters, and the denial in others (the most favored) to him who struts and frets his hour upon the stage, of the social standing which rightfully is his. It is an old story, but yet a perfectly true one, how in the old time and the old country, actors were treated as vagrants; and even in later days some barbarian deeds stand on the record as having had some poor player for their object. The reader will doubtless pardon me for particularising one of these. Mrs. Jordon, the queen of comedy in England, and her time and generation, but for several years a recluse in the small town of St. Cloud in France, died there, and was close on receiving what in that part of the world is considered *unholy* burial, because she had been an actress, when the King (Louis the Eighteenth,) who had been fostered in England, and knew well of the intimate relations formerly existing between the deceased and a member of the British royal family, interposed his authority. In consequence of this, the remains of Mrs. Jordon received Christian burial.

I have referred to this circumstance, and made a few incidental observations, merely as a preliminary to my story and as bearing somewhat on what I shall have to say therein.

I am an old man now, and many years ago was connected with a travelling company of comedians. We visited none of the big towns, because we knew we should be forestalled there, and only those smaller ones which were ignorant of the existence of anything better than ourselves. We were a happy, jovial set, living on small but sure salaries, sufficient, however, for all our wants; for those were cheap times, and we not the people to grumble at trifles.

The professors of the *art dramatique* are noteworthy for their kindness of heart. Let them have a case of real distress brought immediately to their notice, and where, in this wide world, are the people more generous than they?

It would be well if the strait-laced fraternity who despise them would take heed of this, and compare what they would do under similar circumstances to what the wearers of the sock and buskin, without a tithe of their means, have done before them.

It is now more than thirty years ago since I and my old associates were acting in a small town where we were special favorites. We had had an excitement inside our theatre consequent on the production of some novelties, but a happy uniformity had characterised our lives out of doors. It was, however, destined to be broken, and in this way. One night an actress belonging to our theatre was passing homewards after the termination of the pieces. She had to skirt a field lying in the immediate vicinity of her dwelling, but as the night was moonlit, the hour not very late, and the whole town remarkable for its love of peace, she did not hesitate to go on her way alone. She had started from the theatre with a light gay step, and had just entered on the field I have mentioned, when a slight noise excited her. She listened, and in a few moments arrived at the conviction that it was a child's voice she heard. But where is the child itself? She asked the question mentally, and acting promptly on it, bent her steps in the direction of the faint wail, almost momentarily repeated. At last, she came to where the helpless waif of humanity had been deposited. Her first instinctive act was to take the child up and press it tenderly to her bosom; and it was then that the crying of the infant ceased, and the actress, with a generous glow in her boson, knew she had done her duty as a Christian woman.

The child was not more than a month old, and dressed all in white. It was a fair child, and, of course, in want of the nourishment that a virgin woman, which its finder was, could not administer to it; neither could any of the females in the house where she lived. One of these, however, was a mother, and two or three others, though not mothers, had had a little experience of children. By the united efforts of these, what was proper for the occasion was made up for the child—consisting principally, I believe, of milk and sugar. This seemed to satisfy the youngster, who had a sound, sweet sleep that night on the bosom of one who, it might have been thought, had been sent by Heaven to shield and protect a babe abandoned by its own natural, or, rather, unnatural guardians.

The news of the discovery was spread about our theatre the next day. We all held up our hands in wonder, just as though there was anything marvellous in the business, and we were all anxious for a look at the little foundling—the women, in particular, who, of course, went first. Then we, of the male persuasion, followed—all agreeing that the baby was a very pretty one, and would look admirably on the stage. There was something else in which we agreed, namely—that the company should adopt the child, each member paying his or her mite, God knows it amounted to nothing else, while the immediate care of the babe should devolve [if she chose to accept the trust] on the female who had found her.

We—that is, the men and women who composed our company—had all been brought up as Christians, and held the baptism of infants to be a sacred thing. Therefore we resolved that our little charge should be taken to the font, and have the sacred water sprinkled over her face. But we were puzzled about a name—the first one, I mean, as we had already, not knowing what family-name she was entitled to, determined on that of May, as representing the month in which she was found. At last we hit upon a Christian name—Perditta. Shakespeare had selected the same name for one of his heroines, a young lady who, like our little Miss May, had been found deserted and uncared for.

Perditta May! It was a pretty designation, and she who bore it seemed to grow more pretty every day of her life. She was often at our theatre, and, evincing a love for the stage, was sent upon it—first, as Cora's child in "Pizarro," by-and-bye, as Bertram's, in the tragedy of that name, and, when a little older, as youngsters who had something to say for themselves. She received pay for this—so that, in time, it was unnecessary for us to contribute our original weekly subscriptions towards her support. I am sure, however, that we were no gainers by this, as we spent the money, until then demanded for the child's sustenance, on seasonable presents for her, which pleased her very much.

Thus from an infant to a growing girl of an affectionate disposition and intellectual promise, did our Perditta May progress; and then from this girl to a young woman, the juvenile heroine of our little concern. She had been so employed for about three years, travelling with us wherever we went, gracious and affectionate to every body around her, and with a deep well of love and respect for the female who had brought her up—for about three years, I say, when the manager of a metropolitan theatre chanced to visit the town we were performing in. He was from the first struck with the personal graces of Perditta, and made her a handsome offer to join his company ten weeks from that date. This was splendid luck for her, but the silly little thing would have cast it from her, had not wiser folks than she had their say in the business. It was for these more experienced people to point out the immense advantages open to her—the money she could make, the position she could attain—by the chance afforded her. And then as for "parting forever with her dear friends," as she had said—that was all moonshine. Perhaps some of us would be promoted, as she was going to be. Then the season at the theatre she was going to covered only nine months out of the twelve. During the three remaining she might pay us a flying visit. There could be no hardship in finding us out, as our route was well known throughout the profession.

By arguments such as these, we succeeded in pacifying her. But there was an arrangement connected with her travel on which none of us had said a word, and to which she would have religiously adhered, even though all of us had urged our strongest objection. It was her undivided companionship with her foster mother. When she mentioned this, every one of us acquiesced in its perfect propriety.

Perditta had a farewell benefit just prior to her departure for the "big town." All her friends took tickets, and she shared all the returns that were hers among the company.

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It was with unfeigned delight that we heard of Perditta's success away from us, with unfeigned delight too, that we afterwards welcomed her annual visit to us of more than a month. Her unfailing associate on these occasions was the actress who had found her in the field when an infant of a month old. No mother and daughter could have been more attached to one another.

I might have stated before this, that in the neighborhood of the town in which we were performing at the time of Perditta May's discovery, resided a very high and wealthy family. The head of the house (to use a common phrase) had died about a year before, leaving a widow, bearing the character of a proud, arrogant, cold-blooded woman; and an only son, quite a young man, and heir to all the immunities that had formerly belonged to his sire, and to almost the entire of his weath. Such people as these get talked about, meet them wherever you may; and it therefore was no marvel if we, the poor players, had been eager and interested listeners in these old days, to long yarns about the desire of this proud mother to make her son marry a wife of her choosing, and also touching the young man's refusal to do anything of the sort, and the eventual separation of the relatives—the gentlemen going to foreign parts, all the while being heart-sore, his lady mother remaining in the grand old house in the country, shunning company, while no body seemed willing to court *her*.

In after days these rumors were to have a sequel, to the effect that this proud, cold-hearted lady, finding her end near, sent expressly for her son, who arrived at his paternal home just in time to receive his mother's last breath and confession.

Yes, confession—that she, well aware of the love marriage he had formed with a lovely but lowly daughter of the people, while she (his mother) was doing her best to get him a wife out of his own class—that so aware, we say, that she had fixed a lynx-like glance on her poor young relative, with a sort of instinctive foreboding that something would happen to her. It did—*death;* and when that was known, and the birth of a child too (the husband and father was at a distance at the time), how the dark thought had stolen over the proud lady's brain, that her son would credit the tidings that his child, as well as his wife, was dead; and how, fearing to directly murder the young innocent, she had caused it to be deposited in a certain field, one night. These were the revealments associated with that stately couch of death. Could her son forgive her for the part she had played? She hoped he would, also that GOD would pardon her. There was no blood upon her soul—oh, no! for the child had been found, tended well, and was now—

What would have followed was choked by the death rattle in that proud lady's throat. The next moment she was dead!

* * * * * * *

The listener to these revealments, as soon as he could, took the proper measures to discover his lost child. He had remained a widower and a sad man, and was falling into the "sere and yellow leaf" of life. He engaged lawyers, and advertised in the newspapers. The former talked a great deal, and promised more; but literally they achieved nothing. It was exclusively through the latter that the long-lost and long-credited dead child was given to her father.

I need not say who this child was, nor that from the first announcement consequent to the aristocratic lady's death bed confession we more than guessed the foundling's identity with our Perditta May.

Circumstances soon afterwards confirmed this; and when we heard that she had been formally claimed by her sire and by him taken to his fine old castle in the country, great and manifold were our rejoicings.

Once every year we visited the old place where we had first known Perditta May, and many a time and oft during our stay did she, and the whole household of which she was the undisputed mistress, come to our theatre, her never-failing companion being the actress who had picked her up in the field. There were occasions, too, when we were all invited up to the "big house;" and of one thing more let me advise the reader—we never left those quarters without being the better in a heavy purse, the contribution of Perditta May, as we always called her.

So went the record for several years, during which there were many changes in our company, but none in the munificence of this generous woman. In one of these years she was married, yet still was the constant friend of her whilom associates. I could tell of a hundred noble acts she performed, but one will suffice as the index to the rest. It is simply this, that since my retirement from my profession, over ten years ago, I have been a recipient of Perditta May's bounty.

A little more. Her father is yet alive—an aged man; so, too, is our old friend, the actress—an aged woman. She is in supreme power over the affairs at the castle, and is beloved and respected by everybody—as a mother by the radiant woman whom she fostered as a child.

I am contemplating these women, or ex-actresses, now, and I cannot restrain the fervent exclamation of "God bless them both!"

INTRODUCTION OF FEMALE ACTORS.—Pepys relates in that singular chronicle of gossip, his Diary, under January 3, 1661, that he went to the theatre, and saw the *Beggar's Bush* well performed; "the first time," says he, "that ever I saw women come upon the stage." This was a theatre in Gibbon's Tennis Court, Vere street, Clare market, which had been opened at the recent restoration of the monarchy, after the long theatrical blank under the reign of the Puritans. It had heretofore been customary for young men to act the female parts. All Shakspere's heroines were thus awkwardly enacted for the first sixty years. At length, on the restoration of the stage, it was thought the public might perhaps endure the indecorum of female acting, and the venture is believed to have been first made at this theatre on the 8th December, 1660, when a lady acted Desdemona for the first time.

Colley Cibber gives a comic traditional story regarding the time when this fashion was coming in. "Though women," says he, "were not admitted to the stage till the return of King Charles, yet it could not be so suddenly supplied with them, but that there was still a necessity for some time to put the handsomest young men into petticoats, which Kynaston was said to have then worn with success; particularly in the part of Evadne in the *Maid's Tragedy*, which I have heard him speak of, and which calls to my mind a ridiculous distress that arose from that sort of shifts which the stage was then put to. The King, coming before his usual time to a tragedy, found the actors not ready to begin, when his Majesty, not choosing to have as much patience as his good subjects, sent to them to know the meaning of it; upon which the master of the company came to the box, and rightly judging that the best excuse for their default would be the true one, fairly told his Majesty that the queen was not *shaved* yet. The King, whose good humor loved to laugh at a jest as well as make one, accepted the excuse, which served to divert him till the male queen could be effeminated. Kynaston was at that time so beautiful a youth that the ladies of quality prided themselves in taking him with them in their coaches to Hyde Park in his theatrical habit, after the play, which in those days they might have sufficient time to do, because plays then were used to begin at four o'clock.

MR. MILLBERRY VIEWED PHRENOLOGICALLY.—Phrenological karacter of Mr. Mark Millberry, Esq., given at the offis of professor Josh Billings, Praktikal Phrenologis. $1 00.

Amativeness.—Bigg, stiks out like a hornet's nest. You ought to be able tew luv the whole humin famile with yure bump at onst. Yu will never be a widderer long nor any.

Politiks.—Yu have got it the natural wa. A splendid bump. It feels like a dimocratic bump, too. Menny men has got to be constables with half yure bump.

Kombativeness.—Sliteually, very mutch. Yu might fite a woman, but tuff match. I should like tu bet on the woman. This bump wants poultisin.

Vittles.—Bi thunder, what a bump! I should think yu could eat a hoss and cart, and chase the driver three miles without eny praktis. Thunder and lightnin! what a bump! let Barnum git his hand on this bump and yure fortin iz maid.

Musik.—A sweet pretty bump about the size of a Lima bean. If I had this bump I would buy me a juice-harp and wander in the Rocky Mountains. Pon mi honor, Mr. Milbery, mi advice is, nuss this bump.

SCHWEZER'S BLACK "BONY."—"Chon, yuo recklemomper dat liddle plack bony I pyed mit the bedlar next veek?"

"Yah, vot of him?"

"Nothings, only I gits sheated burdy pad."

"So!"

"Yah. You see in the vurst place he ish plint mit bote legs, unt ferry lame mit von eye. Den ven you gits on him to rite he rares up pehint uns kicks up pefore so vursur as a chack-mule. I dinks I dake him a liddle rite yesterday, unt no sooner I gits straddle his pack he gonsmense dat vay; shurst so like a vakin poam on a poat-steam; unt ven he gits tone, I vas so mixed up mit eferydtinks, I vints minzef zittin arount packwards, mit his dail in mine hants vor de dridle."

"Vell, vot you going to do mit him?"

"Oh, I vixed him petter as cham up. I hitch him in te cart mit his dail vere his heat ought to be; den I gife him about a dozen cuts mit a hidecow; he starts to go put so soon he see te cart pefore him he makes packwards. Den I dakes him out, hitch him de rite vay, unt he goes rite of shust so good as anypodys bony."

A SELF TAUGHT MECHANIC.—"Old Bumblebee" was the cognomen of Mr. T——, of Newburyport. He gained the title from the fact of his catching a bumble-bee, one day as he was shingling his barn, and in attempting to destroy the insect with the hatchet, cut off the ends of his thumb and forefinger, letting the insect go unharmed. Other mishaps happened to the old codger in the same barn. In one of his abstractions he shingled over his spare hatchet; and cutting a small aperture in the building to let a little daylight in, this man actually set in a wooden pane, as being economical and not likely to be broken! Uncle T——, in one of his oblivious freaks, nailed his left arm so firmly betwixt two boards of a fence he was putting up, that he had to call for help to get extricated from his self-imprisonment. He once put a button on the gate instead of the post. But the rarest freak of all was when he ran through the streets with his hands about three feet asunder, held before him, begging the passers-by not to disturb him, as he had got the measure of a doorway with him!

IKE HEARD FROM.—In our last from Mrs. Partington, she thus discourses concerning Ike:—"Betsy Jane writ to you about poor Isaac bein grafted into our noble army; it was during the late prevailing restriction. I've been so dreadfully uneasy—laws a me! But, Dan'l, at last we've heard of him by a neighbor who is home on a furrow. He—poor innocent—at onct took his place, so neighbor Tibbins says, as First Corpulent, and soon proved so deficient that he was promoted to be an Ordinary Surgeon—poor child! But what the blessed dear knows about taking up an arterial, computation of limbs, and the like, surpasses me. Howsumever, if he can be the humble implement in the hands of the Lord of saving the lives of the galius fellows whose heads have been disseminated by the bursting open of pontoons, why we must sacrifice him freely on the altar of epluribus nniform, and may the Lord have mercy on his solar system."

BOXING VS. FLIRTING.—If you don't want to fall in love with a pretty girl don't commence flirting with her; for this courting for fun is like boxing for fun. You put on the gloves in the utmost good humor, with the most friendly intentions of exchanging a few amicable blows; you find yourself insensibly warmed with the enthusiasm of the conflict, until some unlucky punch decides the matter, and the whole affair ends in a downright fight.

A LARGE CABIN.—"It's only twenty years since the first log cabin was erected in Burlington, Iowa, and now it contains 20,120 inhabitants."

THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP.

Game Battle

BETWEEN

WORMALD AND MARSDEN.

THE result of this battle was first given in the last issue of the CLIPPER, so that interest in it is no doubt considerably on the wane. Supposing this to be the case, we have concluded to omit the usually dull and lengthy details of the journey to the fight, and confine ourselves to giving a history of the men and an account of the battle, as being about all that will prove interesting to our readers. Furthermore, the history of the championship has been repeated so often that it must now be rather stale reading.

HISTORY OF THE MEN.

Joe Wormald is a native of Poplar, and therefore an East Ender to the back bone. He is in his twenty-fourth year, and stands as nearly as possible six feet in height, his weight being something like 12 stone. From an early age he has had a fancy for the digital occupation, and has lost no opportunity of improving his skill therein in the eastern sparring schools. He was at first taken in hand by Jack Hicks, who conferred upon him the title of "Hicks' Big 'Un," by which he was known until he and his mentor fell out, and the title was transferred to George Iles, Joe's last opponent, by whom it is still enjoyed. Hicks had a very high opinion of his young one, and last year matched him against Jem Mace's Wolf. The fight came off on May 26, 1863, and lasted 4 hours and 25 minutes, during which 118 rounds were got through. Darkness then coming on, the referee was compelled to stop the mill, and both men being a good deal punished, their friends, rather than go to any further expense, agreed to draw their money. Joe on this occasion, although in anything but a fit state of health for milling, displayed such points as augured well for his future distinction. He was taken much notice of by Jem Mace, with whom, about this time, he entered into arrangements to travel with the circus, and set-to with the Champion at his various exhibitions. This was a great help to Wormald, who hereby got constant practice, and gained such an insight into the minutia of his profession at the hands of his most accomplished companion, as in time led Jem to admit that Jack was nearly as good as his master. Wormald, not feeling inclined to confine himself entirely to glove practice, soon began to look out for some foe worthy of his mawleys, and this he found in his present opponent, Marsden, against whom Hicks matched him for £100 a side. Joe on this occasion unfortunately proved that, however good he was with his hands, he was a poor trainer—or we should rather say, an imprudent one. He could not keep from temptation, became ill, and fell away in flesh to such an extent as convinced Hicks he could not hope for success against such a fresh, healthy, and powerful young fellow as the Nottingham Champion. Jack, therefore, thought it useless to throw good money after bad, and when £60 a side had been posted, declined to go on; consequently Marsden came in for a windfall which he had never expected. Wormald was much riled at the treatment he had received from his old pal, and although he could not deny the justice of it, he broke the bonds of friendship and transferred his allegiance to mine host of the Founders' Arms, while Jack Hicks, anxious to punish him for his desertion, spread his net for another haul. His cast was successful, and he landed a still larger big 'un in the shape of George Iles, of Bristol, a novice of 6 ft. 1½ in., and weighing 12 st. 7 lb. George was young, fresh, and strong, and had so much of the making of a good pugilist about him that Hicks evidently considered he had secured a gem of the first water, and at once proposed to match him against Joe. The latter, by no means backward, offered no impediment, and the business was quickly settled. The lads were at once sent into training, and Iles was got as fit as a fiddle, but Wormald seemed destined to ill-fortune; in his work he was again ill, his former escapades told severely against him, and instead of training on, he could do no work, trained off, and was, consequently, on the day of battle, about as unfit as he well could be for such an undertaking. His friends were willing to forfeit rather than he should run the risk of defeat; but Joe, confident in himself, would not hear of it, and was determined to leave no stone unturned to save his backers' money. The battle took place accordingly on the 15th of June last, and turned out a right down game fight. Joe, being so out of condition, was obliged to play possum and let Iles cut out the work for him, which he did in a merry fashion. At first, indeed, he sparred very cautiously, but as he got warm to his work he dashed in repeatedly to force the fighting, a practice which suited Wormald to a T, enabling him to pop in some left-handed props of the most enlivening nature. As the fight progressed they got to closer quarters, and some tremendous punching took place on either side. At this game Joe had all the best of it; his deliveries were so true and straight from the shoulder as to take even his own friends by surprise, and repeatedly did he send the big one staggering back. Iles, however, would not be denied, and he occasionally put on the hug with great effect, and now and then treated Joe to a cross-buttock, which seemed to shake him all to pieces. In the last round, Wormald being evidently tired, Iles was urged to go in and finish, and gamely endeavored to carry out his orders, but Joe stopped him with such a straightener on the snuff box from the left, and another from the same hand on the jaw, as for a time to bother him completely. He soon recovered, however, and once more rushed gamely in, when Wormald again planted the larboard fin with terrific effect on the jaw, which, bringing George's nob forward, enabled our hero to administer the *coup de grace* by a tremendous upper cut on the left temple. Iles immediately fell, and it was a long time ere he could be recalled to the fact that he was defeated, but by no means disgraced. Joe's performance on this occasion gave intense delight to his friends, and raised him not a little in the esteem of the few Corinthians who witnessed the battle. Good as was this performance, however, it did not seem to daunt his present opponent, Marsden, who was on the ground making mental memoranda, and who almost immediately after the fight intimated his willingness to fight Joe for £200 a side and the Champion's Belt, which was then lying idle in our hands, and which we had privately stated should be handed over to the winner of this battle, should the match be made, to be held on the usual terms. Joe was nothing loth; the articles were drawn on June 30, and there being six months to the good, Wormald, like a good boy, put himself into proper hands so as to get his bodily health square before committing himself to the arduous duties of putting on the final touch under a professional trainer. It was not until two months back that he went into actual hard work, and, as our readers know, even then we had occasion, by particular request, to state that there were one or two doubts expressed by his own friends as to his prudence, which Joe, in a letter to ourselves, entirely repudiated, vowing that he never was better, and was really working in earnest. Whether there was anything to justify suspicion we know not, but this much is certain—after the caution we gave in our columns Wormald really showed he was in earnest, and under the eye of Richards (the Welshman) took his canters like a man, and has ever since gained flesh, and certainly on entering the Ring was better than he ever was on former occasions. The last month of his training was spent in the usual exercises at Mr. Burbridge's, near Croydon.

ANDREW MARSDEN was born in 1838, at Nottingham, in which town he has for some years kept the Rose and Thistle public house, Wallington-street. His height is 6 ft. 1½ in., and his weight somewhere about 13 st. 10 lb. He has not been long known in pugilistic circles, although in and about his own immediate neighborhood he has occasionally proved himself to be "all there,' in private little goes for small sums. Old Bendigo, Poulson, and others, who had seen him perform, seem to have formed a high opinion of his merits, and we believe that it was through their representations the idea of glory first entered his noddle, and induced him to pay a flying visit to London to get a peep at the real thing. If we recollect aright, he made his *debut* as a spectator at the second fight between King and Mace, but, on this occasion, made no attempt to get on a match. On his return home, however, pugilistic thoughts seem to have worked on his mind till he could stand it no longer, and, by way of a first essay, he selected the giant, O'Baldwin, for an opponent, a man, like himself, possessing no practical knowledge of the art, but who, if useless as a trial horse in any other particulars, was, at any rate, well suited for the post in one way—in that, standing some 6 ft. 7 in. in height, there was plenty of him whereupon to test Master Andrew's powers of hitting. For this affair Marsden was backed at Nottingham, but, on the match being made, took up his quarters at Bob Travers', which he has ever since made his London home. The mill was no criterion whatever of Marsden's merits, either as regarded game or scientific acquirements; for, although he showed considerable propelling power in his hitting, yet the utter absence of merit on the part of the giant rendered any other quality than hard punching quite unnecessary. O'Baldwin succumbed in three rounds and 3½ min., leaving Marsden's triends as much in the dark as ever, and as to his cleverness, they have never since been enlightened, seeing that Andrew has carefully avoided all glove practice whatever, notwithstanding the tempting baits that have been held forth. It was after this battle that he was first matched with, and received forfeit from, his present opponent. Immediately the present match was made, Marsden paid an occasional flying visit to town, and, so far as his business as a boniface would allow, devoted himself to a mild course of "Banting," in order to get rid of some of the superfluous flesh with which he was encumbered. He did not finally leave home till about five weeks ago, when, after a few days in town, he settled himself hard to work, at Mr. Massy's, near Aldershot, in company with Wormald's late opponent, George Iles, and here he has done plenty of work, frequently compassing his 30 miles a day, besides other gymnastic exercises. He has been much noticed by many of the officers in camp, and, among them, has been made the favorite at 5 to four, odds which would have been freely taken by Wormald's backers, had they known in time the state of the case.

PLACE OF FIGHTING.

The day fixed originally for the fight to come off was Jan. 3d, but the attempt to bring it off that day proved a failure, owing to the vigilance of the authorities, and all hands returned to London after trying several places unsuccessfully. The referee ordered a second meeting at London Bridge Station the next morning, Jan. 4th, and the combatants and their friends alighted at Horley Station, in Surrey. After wading through a perfect quagmire of greasy mud for the distance of a mile, a capital spot was found in a neat little inclosure, the ring pitched, and preparations at once made for commencing.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Notwithstanding the small number of persons present, when the men stood face to face the excitement round the ring was fully up to the average, and certainly two finer specimens of pugilists have seldom been presented to the gaze of the oldest Ring-goer. Both stood in a manner that proved they knew something of the noble art, and each displayed far more activity than is usually seen among the heavy weights in getting about to take the measure of their men. Wormald's countenance showed a confidence in his chance of success that added to the already jubilant attitude of the East Enders. He has a regular fighting nob, with high cheek bones, and square jaw bones; his shoulders are sloping, and his arms, although not remarkably muscular, are long, and display a thickness of sinew and bone strongly indicative of that most essential gift to the pugilist—hard and straight hitting. His loins are sufficiently wide and powerful for his frame, and his understandings muscular enough to enable him to get well about the ring with his 12st 4lb. His hands are large and powerful, with knuckles that cut like a knife at each hit. His attitude was good, except that his feet were too close together, and he stooped his shoulders and head in a rather awkward manner. His arms were held rather low, but when he worked for an opening, the quickness with which he feinted and broke ground, showed that more than the usual amount of swiftness would be required to land one for nothing on him. Marsden, when moving about, showed a looseness of skin over the muscles of the body, which proved pretty plainly how much flesh he had taken off in training (about three stone), but still it was evident the muscle was all there, and his grand chest only just fell short of that exhibited by John Heenan. His arms are muscular, but are not as long as Wormald's; his loins are well developed, and for so big a man, his legs are very neat and blood-like; and, to conclude, his countenance betokened great confidence at the first glance; but there was at times a shiftiness of look that spoke of great anxiety respecting the task set before him. His attitude was somewhat constrained, with his arms high and his feet rather too close. It was sufficiently evident, after the men had taken stock of each other, that both meant business, and not dodging about the ring. Wormald, after a few passes and weaving, feinted viciously and broke ground prettily. Marsden looked bothered and jumped back, one of the East Enders shouting, "He's a dunce." On getting together again Wormald feinted and landed the double with the left on the nose, drawing the cork freely; and the first of the events (*first blood*) was claimed and allowed for Wormald. Marsden, in return, slung his right on to Joe's left listener, but not heavily. Wormald now broke ground, and looked laughingly at Marsden, who tried to prevent the claret from showing, but in vain, as the ruby trickled down his chin, amidst vociferous cheers from the East Enders, and offers to lay 2 to 1 on Wormald won. After some little sparring Wormald landed another cracker from the left on the proboscis, receiving a slight reminder in return from the right on the shoulder, and, slipping up as he got back, fell on his side, just in time to escape a tremendous lunging hit from Marsden's right. Time, 3min.

2. Marsden came up bleeding from the nose, and evidently non-plussed. Wormald was all smiles, and as soon as he was within distance feinted with the left and broke ground. Marsden followed him "red hot," but was stopped by a beautiful left-handed shot on the nose, again turning on the tap in a most generous manner. Wormald followed up his delivery, and rapid exchanges with both hands passed, the hitting of Wormald being by far the most effective, for although Marsden landed his right twice on Wormald's left listener, there were no traces of the visitations, while the repeated props from Joe's larboard fin left their marks in the shape of a cut on the right eyebrow, and an extra effusion from the smeller. Marsden, apparently rendered savage by the impunity with which Wormald punished him, now rushed at Joe, and a wild scramble was concluded by Marsden boring Wormald to the ropes, where the latter, after a manful attempt to stop the torrent, was under in the fall, Marsden adding his full weight to the tumble. Time, 6min.

3. Marsden came up readily, but flushed, and bleeding from the nose; and Wormald was now ordered to bustle him about, and to keep him moving. He was not slow to take advice, and worked Marsden first on the right side, and then, finding Andrew would not stand the over, he broke ground neatly and worked to the left. Marsden now essayed the left, but was lamentably short, and Wormald immediately after missed a fine left-hander at the nob, which whizzed past Andrew's left ear. Andrew bored in, and some rapid exchanges took place at half-arm fighting, much in favor of Wormald, who used both hands with great rapidity on the side and back of the head, while Marsden lost much time in attempting to put on the Heenan hug. After some scrambling fighting to the ropes Marsden contrived to get Joe's head into chancery, but could do no harm, as Wormald instantly ceased struggling, and fought with both hands on the body until Marsden eased his hold, when Joe caught him round the neck, and although Marsden had by sheer strength twisted Joe off his pins, the latter shifted his feet and managed to screw Marsden down, falling on him.

4. Marsden, when he came up, was still bleeding from the nozzle, which was increased in size, and also from a cut on the right eyebrow. His ribs also showed signs of Joe's handiwork. Wormald's right lug was swollen, but beyond that and being slightly flushed from the rapidity of the fighting, and the hugging in the previous round, he was quite unscathed. The East Ender was again ordered to force the pace, and Marsden seemed unwilling to baulk his wish. After a few feints and parries on both sides, Wormald slipped his foot inside that of the Nottingham man, at the same time dashing his left smartly on the nose, more of the ruby at once following the hit. Marsden did not flinch, but rushed in wildly, and some heavy half-arm hits were exchanged, until they broke away. There was no breathing time; Wormald again followed Marsden, and tried to plant the left on the head, but Marsden very neatly put it on one side. Some good sparring then took place for an opening, until Wormald, with his creeping action, once more worked himself within shot, and let drive a tremendous left-hander at the head. It was beautifully straight, and alighted neatly on the bridge of the nose. Following it up, he dashed in with both hands, receiving a rib-roaster from Andrew's right as he went in to close quarters. Marsden, who was more for holding and squeezing than punching, at once seized him round the neck, and despite all the half-arm hitting of Joey, rushed him to the ropes, and after a sharp tussle both fell outside, Wormald under. Time, 9min.

5. Wormald, when he was delivered at the scratch, smiled, and looked perfectly unconcerned, although there was a red mark on his side from Marsden's right-hander, which told the dangerous character of Andrew's hitting. Wormald broke ground several times, after feinting to draw Marsden off his guard, and tried to land his favorite double, but was short both times. At length a little fiddling induced Marsden to shift his ground, when Joe seized the opportunity, and dashed his left on the injured snuff-box with such effect as completely staggered the Nottingham Champion. Wormald at once followed up his advantage, and notwithstanding Marsden landed several severe body blows he fought him with both hands at the head, punishing him with great severity and drawing the ruby. He seemed, in fact, to do just as he liked, and finished the round by fighting Andrew down at the ropes, amidst loud cheers from his friends, and offers of any odds.

6. Marsden's conk was much swollen, and the carmine flowed from his kisser as he came up with a poor attempt at a smile. Nothing whatever was the matter with Wormald, who now evidently considered all was over. The usual sparring for an opening was followed by Wormald stealing a march, and with great quickness dashing the left with telling effect upon poor Marsden's nose; the latter, however, countered him heavily under the left eye, raising a trifling bump. Both now took up fresh ground, and approached each other with great caution. Marsden led off his left, but was again very short, and followed this by a swinging right-handed lunge, which was likewise out of all distance. Wormald dashed to in-fighting, and pegged away with both hands on the back of the head to the ropes, where he got Marsden's head in chancery, and held him until the Nottingham man placed his hands across Joe's face. This led to cries of "He's gouging him," but there were no grounds for them. In the end both were down. An appeal was made by Bos Tyler about the gouging. The referee, however, said "Fight on."

7. When the men left their corners they had been fighting exactly fourteen minutes, and 5 to 2 was offered on Wormald without a response. Both were blowing from the effects of the fast fighting and hauling in the previous round. After rather a long "time," Wormald was the first to scratch, and the mark under his left eye was distinctly visible. Marsden was much swollen about the head and neck, but still strong on his legs. Wormald took the initiative, after a couple of clever baulks, by dashing his left on to Marsden's right ogle without any return, and then took fresh ground with great neatness. On getting together Marsden was twice short with his left, but succeeded in landing a third pop on the mouth, but he was countered heavily on the injured nose. Wormald then dashed into close quarters, and missing with both hands, was gripped by Marsden, who cross-buttocked him heavily.

8 Marsden came up eagerly, after his successful effort, and was cheered by the Nottingham division as he faced Wormald, who, contrary to expectation, appeared totally unaffected by the severe toss in the previous round. Marsden commenced operations by attempting to plant his left on the head, but even as the blow started Wormald had shifted his quarters, and was out of reach. A few pretty passes and feints followed, in which the skill of the Londoner was very apparent, and they were put an end to by his dashing his left with great celerity at Andrew's head, but the latter parried it prettily. Both were now on cautious tactics, in turn retiring and advancing, and then putting down their hands, evidently requiring a brief rest after their quick milling. This did not suit Wormald for long, nor did his seconds seem to approve of it, as they quickly gave him the office to force the pace and keep Marsden moving. Joe accordingly went to work, and getting well within range planted a stinging left-hander on Marsden's good peeper (the left), cutting the eyebrow deeply, and drawing more carmine. Marsden countered, but only on the shoulder, and closing, gained a fair hold and back-heeled Wormald in beautiful style, adding his own weight to the fall. Time, 22min.

9. No sooner were the men placed at the scratch than they got together, and rapid exchanges passed with both hands until they broke away. Wormald, who had much the best of the hitting, gave Marsden no rest, but followed him round the ring until he pinned him in a corner. Here Marsden made a couple of feints to stall off his man, which had the desired effect, for Wormald shifted his quarters. Marsden escaped from his prison, followed Joe up, and both fought at the body, until they closed. Both men were now very busy, Marsden on the body, and Wormald on the back of the neck and jaw, until both fell side by side.

10. Wormald, evidently seeing victory closely ahead, would not be denied from forcing the pace, and commenced his proceedings by letting drive a good straight left-hander at the head, but he missed. Marsden then let go viciously with both hands, landing slightly, and closed. Some rapid but scrambling in-fighting took place to the ropes, where they had a short struggle for supremacy, but eventually both went down outside the ropes, Wormald hitting his right hand against the centre stake as he rolled over. An appeal was made that Wormald had held Marsden foul when on the ground, but the referee would not entertain the idea.

11. Wormald, almost without a mark, was up first, but was soon followed by the well-punished Nottingham man. The sparring, retreating, and tactics were very pretty and good for such heavy weights, and rattling left-handed counters were exchanged with rapidity, Marsden visiting the left cheek, Wormald the mouth and chin, and steadying Marsden in a vicious rush. Marsden, when he again was within range, invested heavily on the body with his right, but this gave Joe an opening, and poor Andrew got a receipt in full on the eye from Wormald's busy left. Marsden then forced a close, and obtaining the hug, threw Wormald, but not heavily. Time, 30 min.

12. Marsden came up puffing, and exhibiting unmistakable symptoms of distress. He was, moreover, much disfigured about the face, while Wormald was as fresh as at the commencement. Marsden, as soon as Wormald would stand still, delivered a very hot right-hander on Master Joe's victualling department, receiving a heavy left-handed counter on the bridge of the nose; and on Wormald following his hit up, Marsden turned tail, Wormald followed him, when Andrew actually ran round three sides of the ring, Wormald after him. The latter at length caught him up, when Andrew fell as if he was shot, and Wormald barely escaped spiking him. A foul was claimed on the ground that Marsden had fallen without a blow, and the referee deemed it necessary to caution him.

13. The seconds of Wormald were by no means tardy in finding that something was amiss with Marsden, so they advised Joe to set to work now with both hands. Acting up to orders Wormald stood for no repairs, but went to work left and right with determination, administering severe punishment on the face and the much-battered nose. Marsden's returns were comparatively harmless; nature was fast leaving him, and Wormald, who was as strong as at the commencement, fought him down at the ropes, and walked to his corner.

14. This was, like the preceding round, all in favor of Wormald, who fought with great coolness and precision as he followed Marsden all over the ring, and after he had landed his left several times Marsden got down to avoid.

15. As soon as time was called Wormald walked to the scratch and waited for Marsden, who was now very heavy to lift, and required all the services of his seconds to keep him clean. As soon as Wormald was within reach he dashed his left into the damaged eye several times without any return. Marsden now tried the last game of the out-generalled pugilist in using his right to bring off the battle in his favor by a chance hit, but Wormald was as good if not better at the game than he was, for in the half-arm hitting he landed a stinging right-hander, and down went poor Marsden on his face as if he was shot, and it was the general impression that he was out of time.

16. They had now been fighting 34 minutes, and, bar some extraordinary accident, the fight was over, as Wormald was unscathed, while Marsden was dreadfully punished and very weak. He was, however, brought round sufficiently to face his man, but only to be fought down.

17. Marsden went staggering to the scratch, and attempted to plant the right, but Wormald baulked his intention by investing heavily on the nose, following it up by knocking Marsden across the ring; Wormald went after him, and, bringing him forward by a right-hander on the jaw, poor Marsden fell all of a heap at the ropes.

18 and last. When Marsden was in his corner he could scarcely sit, he was so weak, but under the careful nursing of his seconds he just staggered up, and Wormald planting his left twice without any re[illegible] he was so exhausted that he soon after fell without a blow as Wormald came rushing at him. An appeal was made respecting his getting down, but all discussion was put an end to by the sponge being thrown up in token of defeat, and Joe Wormald was hailed Champion of England after fighting 18 rounds in 37 minutes.

REMARKS ON THE FIGHT.

The extraordinary ease with which Joe Wormald achieved this victory leaves but little opportunity for us to enlarge upon the incidents of the battle in our usual remarks. That it was a good fight in the usual acceptance of the expression is untrue, but that it was unusually satisfactory all will agree, inasmuch as it was unattended with any unpleasant *contretemps*—was fairly fought out from first to last, and without the smallest scintilla of a doubt that the best man won. From the moment the combatants held up their hands, almost before Wormald had made his first delivery, it was clear that in every point but strength Marsden was overmatched. Joe's quickness of action seemed to upset Andrew's calculations, and he appeared completely bothered. A very few hits confirmed first impressions, and none but the greatest dunces, after the second round, thought Andrew had a ghost of a chance, barring an accident. His knowledge of the art of self-defence was evidently of the most superficial nature, and Joe was accordingly able to plant on him almost with perfect impunity. Marsden had some slight knowledge of wrestling, but even this was set at naught in most instances by the coolness of Wormald, who, instead of spending his strength in vain struggles for a doubtful advantage, contented himself by using both mawleys at close quarters until he was thrown or until Marsden was fit to loose his hold. Marsden struggled bravely against almost certain defeat, and he deserves all praise from his friends for his determination in maintaining the hopeless struggle. That he is ever destined to hold a high position in the P. R. we think is extremely unlikely; he is too old to learn, and his business as a publican is one anything but calculated to foster the qualities most requisite in a boxer. In addition to science, he lacks one other qualification, "devil." He seems able to take punishment passively, but there is not that amount of perseverance in the face of it that bespeaks the boxer "to the manner born." He has had his wish, however, he has flown at once at high game, and has met with signal defeat; but although that defeat has been of such a summary nature as must convince him of the mistake he has made as to his powers it cannot be said it has been attended with disgrace. He was of course much chapfallen at his defeat, and it was evident that the fact gave him more pain than the punishment he had suffered. As to the said punishment, it was at first thought it was of a far more severe nature than was really the case. He was removed to town with all speed, and every care was bestowed on him by his mentor, Bob Travers. He had a warm bath and other comforts, and in the evening had recovered much of his equanimity. Of course his nob was swollen a good deal, but he did not complain so much of this as he did of his arm, which it appears he had seriously injured in one or two struggles on the ropes, and which now gave him great pain. On Thursday morning he had become sufficiently himself to be able to return to his own business at Nottingham.

Bob Travers was scarcely less chagrined than his principal; he had evidently been induced to expect something far better, from the reports he had heard, and we are by no means surprised at his being so chapfallen on finding out the mistake he had made. It is somewhat surprising that he should have been at all sanguine, as his man never gave him an opportunity of seeing him perform with the gloves; and we suspect that it will be a long time before he will again be caught napping, and taking the opinion of worse judges than himself upon such a question as that which has led to his disappointment. He has bought his experience dearly, but we trust the patronage of his old friends will soon enable him to recover his lost ground.

Wormald fought from first to last with the greatest coolness and good temper. He listened to the advice of his seconds with composure, and acted on it with the utmost *sang froid*. He is certainly the cleverest big one we have seen for many years, and, being a well-tried game one, will have himself alone to blame should he allow temptation to overcome him, and so, by losing all chances of health and condition, put an early finish to a career which has opened under such excellent auspices. He has much improved in skill and strength since he fought Iles, and the manner in which he fought this battle out of hand will, no doubt, act as a caution to any one in the profession who may have formed an idea of wresting his position from him. On his return to town, he was, of course, made the hero of the hour, and the flattery of his friends soon put him on unusually good terms with himself. It was natural that, on arriving, at one bound, from comparative poverty to the top of the tree, he should, for the time, give way freely to the temptations of the hour, but it is to be hoped that a little reflection will soon soften him down, and that he will not allow himself to be led astray into those paths which cannot but ruin his constitution and too quickly render him incapable of maintaining the position he has gained, to the retention of which he doubtless looks forward with a proportionate degree of pride. All being over, the company lost no time in finding their way back to the metropolis, which was reached soon after midday, every one being well satisfied, even after the two days' wandering, at having witnessed a merry mill, however short and one-sided it had been.

The Champion's Belt now, of course, belongs to Wormald until it shall be wrested from him by some one who can prove his master, unless he can maintain it for the usual time. It was to be handed to him, with the stakes, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 10, at Bos Tyler's. As the battle came off within the week, all bets stand.

WHAT THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS THINKS OF IT.

The fight for the honors of Championship, if marked by no especial feature to make it memorable in the annals of pugilism, was at all events a game and well-contested exhibition, and was won by superior tact and power of endurance. Marsden's attitude was not at all bad, but really appeared ungainly when compared with that of his adversary, who stood and moved like a gigantic edition of Jem Mace. Wormald was a magnificent specimen of manhood. He stood every inch a boxer, and by his cool movements and confident smiles proved that he was made of the true stuff to hold Championship honors. From first to last the fight was all one way, though Marsden never ceased making game efforts to do his best. His chief aim appeared to be making rushes, in which the right was to be called into request as often as possible, but his man was too clever to be bustled. He never lost his self-possession, and not once did he show an opening which would have suited Marsden. Whenever the latter got on it was by generalship and not by chance, but his "terrific right" made no impression, beyond the merest flush, on the iron frame of Joe. On the other hand the now champion never made a hit without leaving a tremendous mark, which was generally in the shape of a cut. In all the closes Wormald had the best of it, for whilst Marsden merely hugged, Wormald was using both hands with terrific force and rapidity. The turning point was in the fifth round, when Wormald fought his man to his own corner, and dumbfounded him by the strength and rapidity of his blows. The punishment Marsden received was indeed tremendous, and nothing could possibly stand against it. Blows fell upon him right and left, and he fell to the earth sick and exhausted. He was fearfully punished when the sponge was thrown up; and although still willing to rise at the call of time, had to succumb to the calls of nature which paralysed his limbs, and left him as helpless as an infant. For "big 'uns" the fighting was as fast and furious as we ever remember seeing. Joe Wormald is now Champion of England, and he must remember that he is not only called upon to defend it with the indomitable pluck we know he possesses, but with honesty of purpose and civility and manliness of bearing. These qualities are much wanted just now, for their absence in pugilists has reduced the ring to its present degraded position.

THE SPORTING LIFE'S REMARKS.

Considering the great expectations that were indulged in as to Marsden's capabilities in the Midland Counties and among some presumed competent judges, the encounter brought to a termination on the field of Horley, in Surrey, must be pronounced a decided disappointment. Notwithstanding the flaming reports from time to time put in circulation concerning the Nottingham man's qualifications, there had been a counter-rumor current to the effect that his heart was not as big as a lion's, and that his fighting pretensions had been greatly exaggerated. Marsden is without doubt a fine, strong, and well-conducted fellow, but we cannot help thinking that his backers mistook his minor "scraps" at home for evidences of really superior boxing attainments, and miscalculated their man's defeat of the ridiculous O'Baldwin, whom a baby might almost have beaten. Wormald throughout showed that he possessed natural qualifications of the highest order, and his attitude and defence were altogether superior to that of his antagonist. If Marsden did not fulfil the expectations of his supporters, he at all events disproved the assertions of his having a "white feather," as he stood a fearful "hiding" like a man, and came up time after time until nature and humanity rendered it necessary that the sponge should be thrown up. Wormald displayed great ability as a quick and irresistible two-handed fighter, and seldom failed to "land" whenever and wherever he had made up his mind to plant a blow. Marsden will, we fear, never be made much of a general in the ring, and he indicated a want of that composure which ring-goers comprehend under the significant term of a good "head-piece." This was clearly manifested at the termination of the very first round, as he was evidently abroad as to how to turn the tide that had unmistakeably set in against him. The amount of punishment he received in the short space of thirty-seven minutes was ample proof of the effective style of Wormald's fighting, as the loser could not have received less than thirty telling punches on the nose. When Marsden was led from the ring he was much disfigured, whilst Wormald walked away as strong as when he began, showing nothing much more serious than a slight discoloration under the left eye. Wormald's friends must not exaggerate his success, as there can be no doubt that he had, comparatively speaking, "an easy job," and is lucky in gaining the Championship of England on such terms. Mace has constantly assured us during the progress of the match of his fixed purpose of fighting the winner of this battle for the Championship, and we expect that Jem will at once put down a deposit for the belt. The encounter between Jem and Wormald will be especially interesting. Wormald has evidently made a strict study of Mace's style of fighting, and in position, cleverness, and mode of delivery the resemblance to the last-named was in all respects most remarkable, and the pair are therefore bound, if ever they meet, to make a fine fight. Marsden, if less ambitious, would have won perhaps five times out of six, but on Wednesday it was such an unequal match between the pair that from first to last after the combat commenced it was all one way; no efforts could have turned the tide, and nothing but a fluke altered the result. A rumor was current in the evening that Marsden was seriously ill, and had been removed to a hospital. We at once despatched a messenger to Bob Travers', and found there was not the slightest truth in the report. Marsden was comfortably taking tea and composedly reading an evening paper, simply remarking that it was a bad job, but that no man could do more than his best. His principal source of injury was to the muscle of his right arm which was hurt by falling against a stake, and which was swollen as big as a man's thigh. His right eye was as black as a hat-band; the left eye also cut, and the nose and mouth swollen. The Champion's belt of England now becomes, as a matter of course, the property of Joe Wormald until it is wrested from him in battle; but, to become his own property, he will have to defend it against all comers for a period of three years. Since the termination of the contest, the proceedings relative thereto have been of the most uninteresting nature possible, and the affair seems not to be of sufficient importance to create "a nine days' wonder." The unsuccessful candidate left London for Nottingham on Thursday morning, but expressed an intention of returning at the commencement of the ensuing week. Wormald has since been seen at only one or two East-end music halls, and is wisely keeping quiet.

MERRY MILL IN THE MACCLESFIELD DISTRICT.—The admirers of the fistic art were all-alive on Tuesday, Jan. 3d, a well-known trysting place—the scene of the late encounter between Hall and Blackshaw—being the rendezvous. The heroes who figured in battle array were William Gregory and Thomas Buhorne, both of Macclesfield, who had made an off-hand match, at catch-weight for a "fiver." The men and their friends left the North Sta[illegible] day shire Railway station at an early hour, and just when [illegible] in full fighting began to dawn the combatants entered the [illegible] was manifestly evi[illegible] costume. On the men coming together, [illegible] superiority in height dent that Buhorne had to contend [illegible] disadvantages, a game and weight, however, despite these

encounter was witnessed. Ruhorne gained first blood from a right-hander on Gregory's mouth; Gregory, somewhat riled, retaliated heavily on the frontispiece, and claimed first knock-down blow. A rattling mill ensued, the men fighting all over the ring. Gregory being the better wrestler, threw his opponent in almost every round until the termination of the twenty-second, when Ruhorne's friends seeing he had no chance, threw up the sponge in token of defeat, the battle having lasted thirty-five minutes. Ruhorne was punished somewhat severely about the head, while Gregory was almost scatheless.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

E. T. WARNER, Jr., Wilmington, Del.—Remittance for Jaenisch duly to hand. Thanks for your very appreciative letter. Will write, at leisure, about the photo.

JOHN SCHLESINGER.—You see we intend to be ready for another "New Years" by the time appointed.

Enigma No. 465.

From La Regence, 1850.

"A self-mate position of unusual excellence."

BY HERR N. D. NATHAN.

at Q R 4, K B 5, Q R 3, K R 7, K B sq, Q R 5th.

at home, Q 4, K R 5, Q 2, Q R 3, Q B 4th.

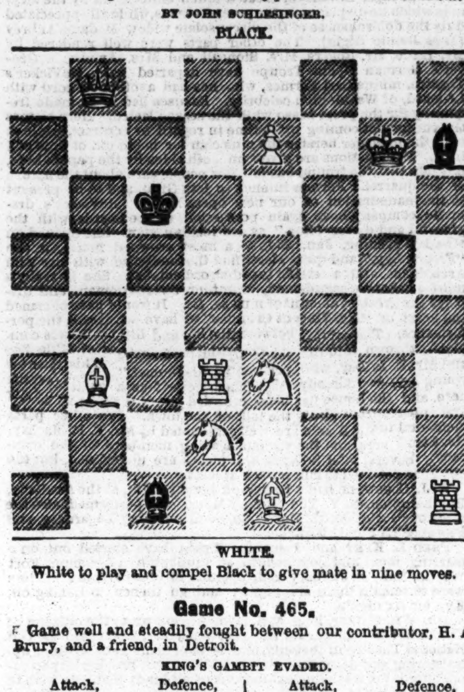
White to play and compel Black to give mate in ten moves.

Problem No. 465.

"A most elegant and extraordinary problem."—*T. Lichtenhein.*

BY JOHN SCHLESINGER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and compel Black to give mate in nine moves.

Game No. 465.

A Game well and steadily fought between our contributor, H. A. Brury, and a friend, in Detroit.

KING'S GAMBIT EVADED.

Attack, H. A. B.	Defence, Amateur.	Attack, H. A. B.	Defence, Amateur.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	22..Q × Q	R P × Q
2..P–K B 4	K B–B 4	23..K Kt–Q 4	Q Kt × Kt
3..K Kt–B 3	P–Q 3	24..Q B × Kt	Q R–B sq
4..P–Q 4	K P × P	25..P–Q B 4	Q R–Q sq
5..K Kt × P	K Kt–B 3	26..Q B–Kt 2	Q R–Q 7
6..Q Kt–B 3	Castles	27..K R–B 2	K R–Q 3
7..K B–K 2	K R–K sq	28..K R × R	K R × R
8..Q–her 3	K B–Kt 5	29..Q B–R 3	K R–Q 6
9..Castles	K B × Kt	30..Q B–his 5	P–K 6
10..Q × K B	K Kt × P	31..K R–K sq	P–K 7
11..Q–K B 3	P–Q 4	32..B × R P	K–his B 2
12..K B–Q 3	P–K B 4	33..K–his B 2	K–his 3
13..P–Q Kt 3	P–Q B 4	34..Q B–his 5	K–his B 4
14..K Kt–K 2	Q Kt–B 3	35..P–K Kt 3	K–his 5
15..Q B–Kt 2	Q–K R 5	36..B–Q Kt 4	K R–Q 8
16..K B × Kt	B P × B	37..R–K Kt sq	K–Q 6
17..Q–her B 3	Q–K Kt 5	38..Q B–K sq	K R–Q 8
18..P–K R 3	Q–K Kt 3	39..R–K R sq	R × R P
19..Q × B P	Q B × P	40..R–K R 8	R–Q Kt 7
20..Q × Q P +	K R–K 3	41..R–Q 8 +, and draws the *partie*.	
21..Q–K Kt 5	B–K Kt 5		

Closing *partie* of the late Philadelphia match, in which Mr. Reichhelm gave Mr. H. C. Montgomery the Q R.

KING'S—BISHOP'S OPENING.

Reichhelm.	Montgomery.	Reichhelm.	Montgomery.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	15..Q × Q P	Kt to Q B 3
2..K B–B 4	K B–B 4	16..Q × K–B P	Castles
3..P–Q 4 (a)	K P × P (b)	17..Kt–Q 2 (e)	Q R–Q sq
4..K Kt–B 3 (c)	Q Kt–B 3	18..Q Kt–K 4	Q B–B 4
5..P–K 5	P–Q 4	19..Kt–K Kt 3	R–Q 8 +
6..K P × Kt	Q P × B	20..K–his B 2	Q Kt–Q 5
7..Castles (d)	Q × B 2d P	21..Q Kt × B	Q Kt × Kt
8..R–K sq +	Q B–K 3	22..P–K Kt 4	Kt–K Kt 2
9..B–K Kt 5	Q–K Kt 3	23..P–K R 4	K R–Q sq
10..K R–K 5	K B–Q 3	24..P–K B 5	K R–Q 7 +
11..K Kt–R 4	K B × R (*)	25..K–his 3	K R–Q 2 +
12..K Kt × Q	R P × Kt	26..P–K R 5 (f)	Kt P × R P
13..P–K B 4	K B–his 3	27..Kt P × P	Q R–Q 4, and
14..Q B × B	Kt P × B	by this well-played move	

the Defence secures the game—and the match. If the Attack play 28..Q to B 8d, R to Q 6 + follows; or, if 28..P to K R 6th, or Q to Kt 5th, then R to K Q +, &c.

(a) A good example of how a master giving heavy odds will successfully (successful—as far as the opening is concerned) adopt a form of a *debut* he knows to be intrinsically weak, relying on the weaker brother for a retort something below the very best.

(b) Bad! 3..K B × P is the proper reply; then thus:—

4..K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3	6..K Kt to his 5	K Kt to R 3
5..P–Q B 3 (1)	K B–Kt 3	7..Q–K R 5	Castles, or Q–K 2, and

the Defence has the best of the game.—Lewis, p. 52.

(1)

6..K B to Q 5	K Kt to K 2	7..Q B to Kt 5	Cas., or P to Q 3
6..P–Q B 3	K B–Kt 3	8..K B × Kt	Kt P × B, and

Defence has won a P, with no loss in position.—*Jænisch.*

(c) Playing even Mr. R. would, doubtless, take B P (ch ...

(d) P × Kt P would be injudicious, on account of ... to K 2 +.

(e) P to K R 4th was tempting at this point.

(f) Precipitates his attack. By more caut... ous manœuvring, it is probable he would have obtained a dr...

(*) A player of admirable nerve, truly ...w. Rather than be driven hither and thither in retreat, the de... structive effects of which he has, doubtless, often seen and f..., he goes into this lively episode; which, though it is abo... ...t equivalent to sacrificing a piece, leaves his antagonist terrib... ...y shorn of his strength.

CHEQUERS.

To Draught Players.

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To Correspondents.

A. J. F., Geneva, N. Y.—1. The end game is good, and will receive attention. 2. Your corrections of the 11 to 16 move in "Old Fourteenth," Game 50, Vol. XII., are erroneous. In your continued play of Var. 2, you play 11 to 15, 6 to 2, 15 to 19, 2 to 7, 19 to 24, &c., White wins. Instead, play 11 to 15, 6 to 2, 26 to 31, 2 to 7, 28 to 27, 32 to 23, 31 to 27, drawn. The 4th Var. we still think is correct. Var. 1 is still won by White, even if 19 to 15 is played for Black's 42d move, White wins in 19 moves. 3. Anderson's 2d position is won by long play. If the position is set far back, it takes from forty to forty-five moves on each side to win. Sturges' 38th position is won by the same style of play. 4. Anderson was out of market for a long time, and we supposed out of print. We can forward you a copy.

J. MCINTOSH.—Anderson, without any doubt, was the best Draught player the world has ever produced. There is not now, nor ever has been, his equal at playing the game. The games of his and Wylie's, as played in their last match, are monuments to his skill and ability as a player.

IT IS RUMORED that another match at Draughts will be soon brought about between Wylie and Martins, for the Championship of Great Britain. Martins has become a resident of Glasgow; and having the benefit of practice with the strong players of that city, we have but little doubt that a match will be made between these two famous players.

THE MATCH pending between Messrs. Luhrs and Clute was concluded on Friday Jan. 27, by Mr. Luhrs coming off the victor. The score standing at the close, Luhrs 3, Clute 1, Drawn 8.

Solution of Drummond's 48th Position.

THIRD EDITION.

Black.	White.
1..6 to 10	13 to 6
2..14 9	7 14
3..1 26, and wins.	

Solution of Position No. 39—Vol. XII.

BY J. H. BURNHAM.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..5 to 9	14 to 17	4..2 to 6	11 to 2
2..32 28	24 19	5..9 5	2 9
3..23 16	20 11	6..5 30, and wins.	

Match Games.

BETWEEN J. MCINTOSH AND J. MCGREGOR.

Black—J. McI.		White—J. McG.	
9..3	7	32	28
10..9	13	18	9
11..5	14		

SECOND GAME.

Black—J. McG.		White—J. McI.	
12..6	15	17	10
13..7	14	31	27

Game No. 55—Vol. XII.

FORTY-SIXTH GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

DEFIANCE.

Martins, Black.	Wylie, White.	Martins, Black.	Wylie, White.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	16..3 to 7(b)	13 to 6
2..9 14	27 23	17..14 18	23 14
3..8 11	22 18	18..10 17	21 14
4..15 22	25 9	19..1 17	31 26
5..5 14	29 25	20..7 10	26 23
6..11 15	25 22	21..11 15	20 16
7..7 11	24 20	22..10 14	16 11
8..15 24	28 19	23..17 22	11 7
9..11 15	32 28	24..15 18	23 19
10..15 24	28 19	25..18 23	7 2
11..4 8(a)	22 17	26..23 27	2 6
12..8 11	19 16	27..27 32	6 10
13..12 19	23 7	28..14 18	10 14
14..2 11	26 23	29..18 23	19 16
15..6 9	17 13	30..22 26	Drawn.

(a) The variation. Anderson plays 6 to 9.
(b) A beautiful move.

Game No. 56—Vol. XII.

GAME played in the match between Messrs. Clute and Luhrs, of the Metropolitan Draught Club.

IRREGULAR.

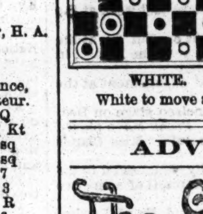
Clute, Black.	Luhrs, White.	Clute, Black.	Luhrs, White.
1..9 to 13(a)	22 to 18	13..5 to 14	23 to 18
2..10 15	(b)24 19	14..14 23	26 10
3..15 24	28 19	15..11 15	27 23
4..11 16	25 22	16..8 11	23 18
5..8 11	29 25	17..12 16	(c)32 28
6..16 20	18 14	18..16 19	(d)10 7
7..11 15	19 10	19..3 10	18 14
8..6 15	23 18	20..10 26	30 7
9..7 11	14 10	21..15 19	25 22
10..4 8	26 28	22..20 24	22 18
11..2 7	31 26	23..24 27	18 15
12..7 14	18 9	24..27 31	Drawn.(e)

(a) Drummond styles this opening "Joe's Game."
(b) Sturges and Drummond play 25 to 22.
(c) This is not White's strongest move.
(d) A splendid stroke.
(e) This was a well contested game, and played with ability throughout. The time occupied was over two hours in playing the game.

Position No. 40, Vol. XII.

BY ——

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

The 49th Position

OF DRUMMOND. (3d edition.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to move and win.

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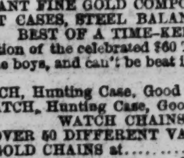

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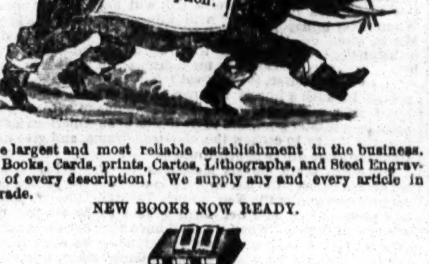

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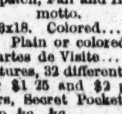

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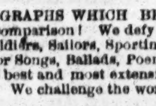

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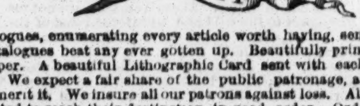

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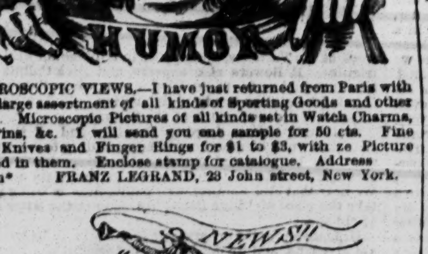

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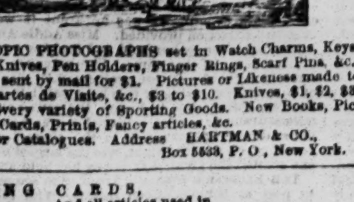

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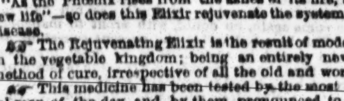

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THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Professions.

Our Letter-Box.

☞ We have letters for Charles Whitney, T. E. Morris, Gustave Bideaux, John Purnell, Chas. Barrett, Frank Forest, J. Heneage Carter (2), Manager G. (3), Chas. C. Palmer, D. L. Gibbons, Harrie French, Geo. Cheeseborough (2), Geo. W. Charles, Charles Peters, Charlie Levi, Eugene F. Gorman, Wm. H. Crane, J. D. Newcomb, J. D. Woodward, Walter Wentworth, Edward Berry (London letter), Billy West, W. H. Lester, Dan Shelby, Frank Cilley (3), John W. Whiston, Mad. Macart (London letter), Mrs. B. Williams, Susie Jackson, Maggie Mitchell, Kate Raymond.

City Summary.

MONDAY, January 30, 1865.

THEATRICAL AFFAIRS in the metropolis continue in a very flourishing condition, the skating of the past week having had but a trifling effect upon the attendance at indoor public resorts. The increased tariff which the Broadway houses put into operation in the beginning of the season has not interfered with their patronage in the least; in fact, taking sleighing and skating into consideration (of both of which we have had an unusually good share this winter) the business thus far has been fully equal to, if not better than last year's. The east side houses did not join the Broadway establishments when the latter set up the tariff, but they have at last felt it necessary to add a trifle to their scale of prices, and this evening, January 30th, the Bowery theatres inaugurate the new scale, charging 50 cents for reserved seats, 35 cents for boxes, and 15 cents for pit and gallery. The heavy expenses under which managers now labor have rendered this increase necessary......As if we have not theatres enough in this deleterious and badly-managed city, it is said that our French cousins contemplate the erection of a dramatic temple in French, leastwise for the express purpose of giving dramatic [illegible] language. Report says that a portion of the money has already [illegible] scribed, but that no site has yet been found upon which to erect the "stately edifice." By the time the site for the theatre is found, we fear there will be no sight for the money. [A novel and nicely-developed joke.] There is one thing certain, however, and that is, the want of a good hall on Broadway, suitable for travelling exhibitions, concerts, panoramas, etc. We miss many a good thing in this city just because we have no hall to accommodate them with. There are some really excellent shows outside of New York, the managers of which would put in a few nights here occasionally if they could procure a suitable hall. There may be a hall or chapel of some sort to let now and then, but they don't amount to anything in the way of amusements. Nothing succeeds in them but strong-minded women and society people. A Turkishman hired one of the gloomy places a little while ago, and in spite of his Turkish female beauties [how are you, Turkish female beauties?] for an extraordinary attraction, he came to grief, and the whole Turkish fabric, women and all, fell with him. In that Turkish female galaxy, there was one gal "whose bright eyes haunt us still." In the words of a Jersey poet, she was as pretty as a picture, and just as nicely painted. Years agone, she moved in the first circle of society—the last time we beheld her she moved in the upper circle of a Bowery theatre, with a young Irish-American Turk by her side, pouring into her willing ears his tales of love, and so forth. Lines onto her:—

Ah! cruel maid, how could'st thou thus
Our hearts rend into twain?
And must we pine in wretchedness
Till thou dost come again?

End of poem......A somewhat doubtful report is in circulation to the effect that an association of eminent writers have it in contemplation to unite their talents and genius, and endeavor to concoct an entirely new *and* original drama for production at one of our first class theatres. It is suggested that the new thing shall be neither an adaptation, a dramatization, nor a Boucicaultism, but something altogether fresh, devoid of the foreign element, and founded on some fact invented solely by the com[illegible] bined action of the association; it is further suggest[illegible] the proposed drama there shall be no cruel fathe[illegible] ent daughter, no outlandish villain, no ol[illegible], no disobedi[illegible] lover; in fact, none of those stereotyp[illegible] hag, no heartless [illegible] all plays abound, and with which [illegible] characters with which it be within the power of th[illegible] we have become so familiar: if [illegible] sible that they may int[illegible] combination of authors, it is pos[illegible] new people, and [illegible] duce some really fresh characters, some punish vi[illegible] to make the thing more life-like and natural, with [illegible] tue, and reward vice, as being more in accordance [illegible] state of affairs at present existing in this city. Efforts have already been made to throw cold water upon the enterprise, the croakers declaring it an impossibility to create an entirely original work: but we don't agree with them; the plan seems feasible enough, in our opinion; if the critics can be induced to join the combination there can be no such thing as a failure. By all means let us have *something* of our own invention.

THE GREAT RUN of "Solon Shingle" at the Broadway Theatre was brought to a close on Wednesday evening, Jan. 25, not for want of patronage, mind you, for the house was densely crowded on that night, but for the purpose of introducing Mr. John E. Owens in some other character. "Solon" was not half played out, and can come again, no doubt, with profit to manager and star. Lo! "The Live Indian" is the present sensation, and it promises to be almost as successful as its great predecessor. Such shouts as rend the air when Miss Krinoline is bereft of her things have not been heard in a theatre since Kirby died. The "Live Indian" is a live piece, and long may it live...... On Jan. 26th, Mr. Owens appeared as "Paul Pry" in the presence of another crowded house. It took, and now Paul and the Indian run together, keeping up the excellent business brought about by the gentleman whose "father fit into the revolution."

M'LLE. AUGUSTA, the *première danseuse*, formerly of Laura Keene's and Burton's, better known as one of the star sisters, (Augusta and Marie) are stopping at the St. Dennis, *en route* to Boston from the West to fulfil an engagement of two months with Jarrett at the Boston Theatre.

DECIDEDLY one of the best programmes ever offered to the public by any Minstrel band, was that presented to the patrons of Wood's Minstrel Hall last week by that organization. The first part of the programme was a very select one, and was given in an excellent manner, particularly the singing by Henry and Lockwood of "Jenny June," "Home with thy Sweet Voice Again," and "Meet Me to Night." The *finale*, Haslam's "Nightingale Polka," with picolo obligato, was a superb performance. Frank Brower commenced the olio business with his "Happy Uncle Tom"—an act which he has made his own, and which he has performed all over England as well as this country since 1842, over twenty-two years ago. Notwithstanding this fact, the public seem never to tire of it, for they laugh heartily over the conversation between Frank and the banjo player, and applaud his dance, night after night, season after season. In consequence of the non-appearance of Lew Brimmer, who was in the bill to play the banjo for this act, Mr. Frank B. Converse, a popular teacher of the old Cremona, volunteered his services at short notice, and, when he appeared before the footlights, was enthusiastically received by the audience. He played the part, as well as the banjo, in a creditable manner, and was rewarded with a good round of applause. Mr. Henry sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" in a style that charmed his hearers. We have often heard this ballad sung, but never before with so much sweetness as it was by Mr. Henry. This gentleman is one of the best ballad singers at present in the profession. The new burlesque of "The Streets of New York," produced for the first time, was exceedingly well-placed upon the boards, and cleverly performed by the members of the company. Frank Brower, as a dealer of chestnuts, was very funny. Purdy's and Boyce's make-up for the boot-black and news-boy was capital. A great deal of fun is created in a very short time, the act not lasting fifteen minutes. Some pretty good hits are got off at the expense of the "Play Bill," and which are highly relished by the audience. The act closes with a fire at the Five Points. Mr. Mollenhauer, a valuable member of this troupe, performs on the violin in a very artistic manner. Purdy sang "Dear Mother I've Come Home to Eat," which is one of the most laughable songs we have listened to for some time. Frank Converse then performed one of his popular solos on the banjo, and such music as he managed to bring out of that instrument, we scarcely believed possible. He played Yankee Doodle with variations very sweetly, and also gave imitations of Bell Chimes. Mr. Converse is one of the best performers on the banjo in this country. The Ethiopian Opera of "Oh! Hush!" concluded the evening's performance. Witnessing this piece put us in mind of old times, when minstrelsy was in its younger days, when we could go to a nigger performance and witness representations of darkey life just as it was "way down Souf," listen to those plaintive ditties that we had heard by the real color on the old plantation or on a Mississippi cotton boat. Those were the days when old Daddy Rice was in his glory, dancing Jim Crow to the delight of thousands; but what a change has come over the dream of minstrelsy within a few years! "Oh! Hush!" was exceedingly well done at Wood's, Frank Brower playing Gumbo Cuff just as we had seen him do it years ago in Philadelphia. He was the life of the piece. Cool White's make-up for Sam Johnsing, the Exquisite, was capital, and his acting and singing of the part, first-rate. Boyce made a good Dinah, and dressed the character well. It was well put upon the stage, well performed, and received throughout with applause by the audience. The attendance was excellent, the house being crowded in every part. There's nothing like putting up a good attractive programme and giving the public novelty; it will surely pay in the long run.

ALF BURNETT, the popular humorist and lecturer, was in town last week making arrangements for opening in this city with a series of his eccentric entertainments, with the intention of locating here permanently. Hingston has him in charge, and they have an eye on Dodworth Hall. Mr. Burnett is a very clever performer; in fact, one of the best in his business in the country, and with good management there is no reason why he should not establish himself here, as his style of entertainment is truly novel and pleasing.

"THE PRIVILEGES of the house"—not on the Brooks plan, however—will be accorded to all who visit the Old Bowery this week, on the occasion of the production of a bran new comic pantomime called "Old Dame Trot and her Comical Cat." The "Old Dame" will trot out for the first time this evening, and from what we already know of the abilities of Mr. G. L. Fox in the pantomimic line, we expect a treat of rare fun. Every attention has been bestowed on the accessories before and after the fact—the scenery is new, the costumes new and no shoddy about them, the machinery new and complicated, and made to run smoothly by the use of the most refined coal oil, the tricks equal to anything ever attempted in Wall street, the transformations even better than the somersaults of our city politicians when the thing looks close, and the whole affair full of hits as hard as those dealt out by policemen on refractory burglars and pickpockets. Take it all in all, it will prove one of the most attractive pieces ever submitted to the hypercritical notice of a Bowery audience. The last scene of all in this strange, eventful history of the "Old Dame" shows the realms of Fairy Land, filling the vast stage with everything that is beautiful, including a young brigade of sweet, short-skirted damsels of fifteen and thereabouts. Manager G. L. Fox is the author—of the pantomime, if you please—and in it sustains the part of Sappy Saponaceous, afterwards clown; Antiquated Soldierwell, Pantaloon, by G. K. Fox; John Stout, Harlequin, Mons. Baptistie; Little Bo-peep, Columbine, M'lle Martinetti; Old Dame Trot, J. McCloskey; Comical Cat, Master Timothy. We predict a big success for the "Comical Cat."

A GREAT MISTAKE was made by Mr. Hackett when he announced two dollars as the price of a seat on the occasion of his first reading, on the 23d, for the benefit of the Shakespeare Monument Fund. Clever as Mr. H. may be in Shakespeare's Fallstaff, when presented on the stage, with all the surroundings of other performers, scenery, etc., he oversteps the mark when he attempts to put such a high value on his services as to charge two dollars a ticket for a reading, with the "whole strength of the company" centred solely in his own individuality; and that's why his audience was so small, and that's why he was compelled to reduce the tariff one-half for his subsequent readings, but which was effected at too late a moment to repair the injury his mistake had created. Neither one-horse shows, nor one-man shows are very popular in this city at *any* price, and when *high* prices are asked they fail altogether. Mr. Hackett has learned a lesson at the expense, probably, of the Shakespeare Monument Fund—let him profit by it in the future.

IN UNION, says a graduate of the steel pen, there is strength; but in Union prisoners, remarks a graduate of the Bull Pen at Andersonville, Geo., there is but very little strength, and his shriveled and woe-begone appearance as he told us of the cruelties inflicted upon him, attested the truth of his pensive language. Ye who sit so cosily by a good warm stove, who sip your coffee at 40 cents per pound, and have naught to trouble you but a combination of sassy servant girls, give a thought, at least, to the sufferings of your fellow-countrymen now languishing in the foul atmosphere of Southern prisons. If you cannot give a thought to this painful subject, give 30 cents, and go see the new national drama, "The Union Prisoner," now being played with success at Barnum's Museum. Perhaps it may soften your callous heart, change your love of money and other people's wives to love of country, and make a new man of you. If you are fond of Punch, these zeroic nights, at Barnum's you can be accommodated with a real jam up Punch—and Judy show. If you yearn for a look at a nice terpsichorean display, just go one eye—if you have'nt two—on the Giraffe Dance by Tony Denier. These varied attractions always make the Museum an "objective point" with all lovers of the marvellous and patriotic.

"MEN OF THE DAY," as presented at Wallack's on the evening of Jan. 23d, was about as unsuccessful as some of the men of the day whom we talk and read about so much in real life. Probably the most natural and finished character in "Men of the Day" was that performed by a woman. Mrs. John Sefton, as Dame Wildbriar, gave an excellent specimen of character acting; her rendering of the portly matron, fresh from Lancashire, was capital, and the clever actress was fully deserving of all the applause she received. Mr. Young's Robert Wildbriar was also well done. In fact, the subordinate parts were better performed than the leading characters. The people who do the leading act good [illegible] at this house are so accustomed to praise, whether they [illegible] had that at times they become careless, and go through their parts like puppets, without life or the slightest signs of animation. We are glad to notice an evidence on the part of our critics to give well-merited credit to the people who do *not* hold leading positions.

TWO FRESH ASPIRANTS for musical honors in the New World arrived here on the 28th Jan. in the steamer Cuba from England. One is M'lle. Helena de Katova, said to be a Russian player on the violoncello; the other is Jas. M. Wehli, operator on the piano. They purpose giving concerts, and will be "worked up" by Max Strakosch, who came with them. The big fiddle is not a very romantic instrument for a young lady to tackle, but the Russian performer is said to handle it with much delicacy and power.

SOME BULLY HOPES have been dispelled, fond expectations blighted, by the announcement that instead of five thousand being our quota for the coming draft, full four times that are needed. Who was it blundered? It is a small fry piece of business, at best, and though brought about by some proficient in simple addition, it is, to sum it up, most certainly a case of bad practice. Instead of giving way to gloomy forebodings, however, let us all visit Hooley & Campbell's Minstrels at their pretty little hall in the Bowery, and enjoy the entertainments there prepared for us. There you may see the "Devil in the Bowery;" if this does not suit your taste, then behold the gentleman who "Fights Mit Sigel;" or, should he, too, prove objectionable, then "Ma's Pet" will be sure to please and amuse you. Tim Hayes, the clog dancer, is there this week; H. Mudge, another cloggist, is also there, and the two will show off some of their best steps, in rivalry.

WE HAVE been luxuriating in visions of peace, with "old Blair" as pioneer in the auspicious movement, but our airy castles have vanished like clam soup before a hungry contraband. Henceforth we fight it out on the old line, giving farther opportunities to ambitious and patriotic men to seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth, or in close proximity to the mouth of the Dutch Gap canal. Those not so warlikedly disposed, but who prefer to see a good play well acted, will have farther opportunities to witness "Hamlet," with Edwin Booth in his great *role*. When noisy billia[illegible] roughs are permitted to use our Academy of Music, when [illegible] our "leading theatre" on Broadway is given up [illegible] to the east side melo-dramas, to minstrels, and per[illegible] soon to a horse, it is a great relief to find Shakespeare supported in such a liberal manner at the Winter Garden, where, night after night, large audiences assemble to witness a master piece by a master poet, and to do honor to an American actor who has the nerve to eschew the clap-trap drama, and give us gems from the great works of great minds.

METHINKS there be six Mazeppas in the field; five have we beheld before; the last appears to-night in the person of Miss Addie Anderson, at the New Bowery Theatre. She is possessed of a pleasing face, and her form is said to be all that *connoisseurs* could desire. When we shall have seen her divested of her raiment by the order of a cruel tyrant, when we shall have seen her bound on the bare back of the untamed steed, when we shall have seen her go through the undress business of the piece generally, then shall we be able to describe the picture as it is. Mr. Gates' celebrated "Black Bess" has been engaged to enact the part of the fiery steed, which this pretty little creature is quite accustomed to. There will probably be a crowded audience to view the new Mazeppa, and to discuss the various points of female beauty. Addie will be there all the week.

NEW AND ORIGINAL CONUNDRUM.—Why is Horace Greeley like the players at Mrs. Wood's Olympic. Because he appears in the "Streets of New York."......The sensation play of "The Streets of New York" still draws largely at the Olympic, contributing to swell the exchequer of the lessee, and giving much enjoyment to the *habitues*. Keep it before the people, that the "Sleeping Beauty" is in abeyance, and will come into play when the "Streets" piece is played out.

TALKING ABOUT the streets of New York, we desire to call the attention of the police to a gang of petty thieves, mostly "beggar" women, who are in the habit of stripping off of boards, fences, &c., the newly-posted bills of our theatres, minstrel and music halls, and other shows; fresh bills have scarcely been posted before these petty thieves come along, and with knife in hand tear them off, stuff them into their bags, and off they go to the junk shop. Printing is very expensive just now, and managers could better afford to give the thieves white paper, or money even, than to have their newly printed bills destroyed. An example should be made of some of these poster thieves by having a few of them sent up. Many of them use their bags as a receptacle for articles stolen from yards and houses, as well as for paper plunder.

AS PAINTS and powder change ladies' faces, so do circumstances alter cases, and thus it is that it is far better to see blood hounds, lions, tigers, and such in a safe place like Van Amburgh's Menagerie than to meet them running loose, promiscuous-like, in their own, their native home. These remarks are not made through any disrespect to the wild and untutored beast of the forest, for we are not all perfect, but to show our ignorant readers where all such destructive animals may be viewed from a safe and secure stand-point. Van Amburgh's Menagerie is the place, and Broadway the location, where birds and beasts of prey reside, without much relaxation. It is a great show, a moral show, and a show from which a great deal of information may be gained.

"THE SHAMROCK" has been withdrawn at Niblo's, and in its place we have the "Lakes of Killarney," first time this season. It is a very interesting play, giving Mr. and Mrs. Williams a chance to display themselves as dancers, singers, and actors. Their engagement, which has been quite successful, closes on the 4th of February, their farewell benefit taking place on the 3d.... Mrs. F. W. Lander (J. M. Davenport) appears at this house on the 6th, commencing her engagement in the character of Leonie, in the play of "The Mesalliance."

"THE MAGIC TRUMPET" will call in plenty of visitors to 444 Broadway, this week, for it is a really excellent pantomime, abounding in fun, tricks, changes, etc...... Charley White leads the corkonians at this house, and a right lively party they are, too—in singing, dancing, Negro eccentricities, and dramatic sketches. ......The matinees, on Saturday, have become quite popular.

"PREVIOUS to his departure for Europe," Charles Walcot, Sr., is to have an opportunity to appear before his friends, and perform the part of Major De Boots, in "Everybody's Friend." Wednesday evening, Feb. 1st, has been fixed upon for Charles' leave-taking.

JOHN MULLIGAN, the Tall Son of Cork, is to come before us this week at the Varieties, and appear in a budget of Ethiopian eccentricities. E. Bowers also appears, and Dick Collins ditto. This trio have just arrived from Washington, where they have been performing before the heads of the nation ......The Newton Sisters will add to the attractions of the Varieties.

TUMBLING, riding, leaping, dancing, and all the marvellous feats and "bits of merriment" appertaining to a circus performance, can be seen and heard at the Hippotheatron, where the great pantomime of "Blue Beard" continues its successful run. We hear that still another new pantomime is being prepared, to take the place of "Blue Beard" as soon as the latter shows signs of old age.

HELLER's present programme is thought to be the best he has yet given us, and we don't know but what it is. However, tastes differ, and it is best for all who enjoyed his previous bills of fare to visit the Salle Diabolique again, and judge of the truth of this assertion. Go early, and stay as late as you can.

MISS ADDIE ANDERSON, the young lady who makes her *debut* this Monday evening, at the New Bowery Theatre, is well spoken of by the press of other cities where she has appeared. The Boston *Post* of Jan. 12th, 1864, had the following notice during her engagement there: "Howard Athenæum.—The Howard was crowded last evening, as was apparent it would be, under the immense attraction provided. Miss Addie Anderson excited the wildest applause by her bold and dashing personation of Mazeppa, in the play of that name. She manages her steed with the ease and nerve of a life-long reinsman." The Baltimore *Telegram* of Nov. 20th, speaking of this lady, said: "Glenn's Opera House, Norfolk—Miss Addie Anderson, the young and handsome *equestrienne* dramatic actress, achieved a grand success at the above house during the past week, in the character of Mazeppa. The audience, on the first night, was the largest ever seen there, and she created the greatest *furore* by her bold and dashing feats."

THE EXCELSIOR Dramatic Association are making preparations to play at Niblo's Saloon shortly. The bill consists of "The Rent Day," "The Minerall," and "The Irish Lion." James Deegan, of the association, is to have a benefit in the course of a month or so, when a good bill will be offered. He is said to be a studious young man, and deserving of success.

MILKY WHITE, in manuscript, may be procured of Samuel French, No. 122 Nassau street, N. Y.

CONNER & LEA's DRAMATIC AGENCY, in this city, is one of Gotham's Great Institutions, and all persons connected with the dramatic profession should see to it that their names are on the books of the firm. To those "to whom it may concern" it may be well to state that Messrs. Conner and Lea have several advertisements in this issue of the CLIPPER, to which we call special attention.

ARTEMUS WARD was, on Friday evening, the recipient of a most gratifying and valuable token of the high esteem and respect which his acknowledged talents and eminent social qualities have gained for him, in the form of a superb and costly finger-ring, presented to him by a few of his intimate friends in this city. The ring is of exquisitely beautiful workmanship, with a monogram containing the letters "A. W.," in diamonds, on a dark ground. The presentation took place at the "De Soto," in Bleecker street, on the evening in question, in the presence of a large number of the friends of the renowned showman. Mr. Edwin Adams was the Cicero of the occasion, and he admirably and eloquently expressed the feelings of the donors, Artemus responding in terms alike feeling, humorous and appropriate.

A LADY versed in chambermaid business is wanted for a theatre, by Frank Edwards. See advertisement.

Dramatic.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Milwaukee, Wis., is to be opened for a summer season of six months on May 1st, by T. E. Mills, the present stage manager of the Broadway Theatre in this city, who is prepared to negotiate with ladies and gentlemen of talent, both stock and star performers. For his address, etc., see advertisement in another part of this issue.

MRS. JOHN WOOD "put in an appearance" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 25th and 26th, and quite charmed the people of that city by the graceful and delightful manner in which she danced and sang, and the perfect *nonchalance* which characterised her personation of that fair originator of some of the "first families" of Virginia yclept Pocahontas. She was ably assisted by Mrs. Gilbert and Messrs. Davidge and Collier, the former lady showing herself to be as excellent in her line of business as Mrs Wood herself. Davidge was of course at home in his part, and Collier did duty on the occasion most acceptably. There was a sad lack of supernumeraries on both nights. In fact, it really seems as if it was an impossible thing to present a drama properly on the stage of the Brooklyn Academy; either one thing or another is always wanting. If the scenery is all right, which it seldom is, the acting is sure to be bad; and when the latter is up to the mark, the scenic effects are mediocre; and when it happens, as in this instance, that the acting is good, music ditto, and scenery tolerable, there is the drawback of a lack of completeness in the accessories. Thus it ever will be until the Academy becomes a regular theatre like the Park. The business was good on both nights, the first house being the best, however.

"THE PEEP O' DAY" has drawn excellent houses at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, during the week, despite the counter attractions offered by Mrs. John Wood and Artemus Ward at the Academy of Music. The drama has been placed upon the stage in the most creditable manner, and it has also been very well performed, Mrs. Conway and Mr. Lewis especially distinguishing themselves by their artistic impersonations, Lewis' Black Mullins being decidedly the feature of the representation. The music is ably performed by the orchestra under Olker, who is a second Thomas Baker in ability and talent as a leader.

ALL places of amusement in New Orleans were closed on Sunday the 8th Jan., by military order.

A THEATRICAL UNION is talked of, a bill to incorporate such, having been introduced in the Legislature.

A BILL has been introduced in the Legislature to reform the charter of the Brooklyn Academy of Music. It is intended to make the building really a temple of the muses, and not a shrine to the vanity of some half dozen shoddyites.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Albany, the drama of "The Streets of New York" was produced last week and attracted the largest houses of the season.

MRS. LEMOYNE, better known as Miss Burbanks, an actress connected with the Academy of Music, Albany, died in that city on Jan. 24th.

J. T. RAYMOND is travelling through Maryland with a small dramatic company, consisting of G. L. Aiken, E. Langley, Mr. Levi, Misses M. E. Gordon, Lindsey, Davis, and Blonde. On the 21st of Jan. they were at Cumberland.

LIBERTY HALL, New Bedford, Mass. was opened for one night only, by the Dramatic Company from the Boston Theatre, under H. C. Jarrett's management, on January 23d, and "Fanchon" was performed, with Rachael Noah as the Cricket, G. H. Clarke as Landry, Shirley H. France as Didier, and B. G. Rogers as Father Barbeaud.

VERSIONS of Enoch Arden multiply. Wallack and Davenport play one called "The Test of Love," Lawrence Barrett plays one called "Under the Palm"; Edwin Adams performs one entitled "A Husband's Sacrifice"; Mdme. Scheller has one called "Enoch Arden"; H. C. Jarrett advertises a new one for the Boston Theatre, as yet without a name. At the Tremont Theatre, Boston, another is called "Cast Away and Lost." This last one will end, as the bills say, "with a new and entirely original effect." *Entirely original* effect is good.

MR. S. DRAKE, an actor connected with the Stock Company at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, was made, by his grandmother, heir to an almost fabulous number of worthless Virginia acres, which have laid unattended ever since, rather an incumbrance than otherwise. He is reported as having lately received a letter from a prospecting company who have found oil on his premises, offering him the snug littlesum of $270,000 cash for them.

MESSRS. C. W. AND R. LAKEMAN, the long-established bill-posters of Brooklyn and surrounding towns, advertise in this and succeeding issues of the CLIPPER, to attend to all kinds of posting for exhibitions. See advertisement.

FANNY HERRING opened at the Lyceum, Toronto, C. W., on January 23d, in "Lysiah," and "Jenny Lind," to a crowded house. On the 27th, she was announced to play the "French Spy."

MISS FANNY B. PRICE commenced an engagement of two weeks at Cairo, Ill., on the 30th January, in "Fanchon," supported by Mr. D. Hanchett as Father Barbeaud.

THE OPERA HOUSE, at Augusta, Me., under the management of Mr. S. E. Browne, is in a flourishing condition. The company have just returned from Portland, where they played to large houses. The management have leased the theatres in Portland, Augusta and Bangor, and intend playing alternately two weeks in each place. The company consists of Messrs. E. W. Beattie, J. P. Sutton, G. E. Wilson, E. W. Watson, E. [illegible] Kent, H. Bradley, J. Sanford, C. J. Thorne, B. Francis, N. Co[illegible], J. S. Putnam, J. T. True and the manager, S. E. Browne; Misses Lizzie Holmes, Annie Spear, Lillian Brown and Carrie [illegible]; Mesdames J. P. Sutton and Emily Hawthorne......On Saturday evening, Jan. 21st, Mr. Geo. E. Wilson was the happy recipient of a *one-hundred-dollar note!* It was associated with all the incumbrances, such as a supper, congratulations, &c......The meeting of the Legislature brings crowds of strangers to Augusta, and they, together with the various encampments of soldiers that surround the city, assist materially in supporting amusements there.

CAME TO GRIEF.—Signor Francesco Rosa's Operatic Troupe lately made its *debut* at Grover's Washington Theatre, and has come to grief, their reception being anything but flattering. They were blatantly announced in the choicest Italian terms, as from all the "Teatros" of the Continent; seats were sold for a season of three nights, and all were taken before the expiration on the first day of sale. Grover's Theatre was crowded with the beauty and fashion on the opening night. The Russian and Spanish Embassadors were boxed *vis a vis* to President Lincoln and Mrs. L. Senators and senators' wives, generals and commodores, dramatic great lights, artists, musicians, poets and authors, mingled and made brilliant, as on a festival, the parquet and balconies. "Trovatore" was the opera selected. There was a powerful chorus of *six*. The Leonora is said to have been a dark-featured Russian—with a large moustache on one side of her face. Her voice was buried with her beauty, many years ago. The Manrico was so tall that early in the evening he was dubbed by the audience "legs." He was a dead failure from the first jump. Before the opera was half over the audience hissed very loudly, and many left before the third act was on. On the second night "Barbiere" was produced in as bad a manner as "Trovatore." The next day the manager, seeing how the public had been imposed upon, published a half-column notice in the papers, promising to refund the money for the unexpired performance. The troupe threatened him with a suit, and insisted on rehearsing. He dared them to sue, and denied them the theatre. They raged—he swore; but the public got their money back. The tenor was discovered the following day to be a runner for a New York cigar house, and the seconda donna a New York dress maker.

THE OPERA HOUSE, at Columbus, Ohio, has been doing well, both pecuniarily and otherwise. Our correspondent "Joe," under date of Jan. 24th, says—"During the week we have had 'Camille,' the 'Stranger,' 'Miriam's Crime,' and also a new play written by Miss Olive Logan, called the 'Felon's Daughter.' In this play some of the scenes are truly grand, and no one can help sympathising with the heroine, Eveleen Wallace (Miss Olive Logan). By cutting out the superfluous scenes, and with slight alterations, it would make the best (without exception) sensational play we have; as it is now, it is entirely too long. The piece throughout was well played, likewise all the others. The manager himself, Mr. John A. Ellsler, is a very fine actor, and has few superiors in his line......I have learned that Mr. Leslie Gossin, a member of our opera house company, has retired from the stage. He was a promising young actor, and the well wishes of a host of friends follow him. May his course down life's stream be ever smooth......Mr. J. C. Howard has joined the company; he plays the heavy business......I do not think it just that those down the ladder of dramatic fame, and at the same time deserving for what they do, should be overlooked; for those who are already up, and popular in the profession, do not need help. Our theatres must have people to play the inferior business as well as the higher branches. Taking this into just consideration, perhaps no one will censure me for paying more particular attention to the inferiors who are deserving of praise, than those of the higher walks in the profession. In saying this, I do by no means wish to say that the ladies and gentlemen composing the leading features of the theatrical profession should not be noticed at all; they should invariably receive praise *where it is due*......In speaking of the Columbus Opera House Company, it will only be doing justice to mention particularly Miss Clara Morris, for she is really deserving of it. By careful attention to business Miss Morris will no doubt make her mark yet. Mr. G. B. Hudson also does well."

A GERMAN THEATRE has been opened in Milwaukee, Wis.

MISS AVONIA JONES, the young tragedienne, has been performing at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, the past week, during which time she appeared in C. W. Tayleure's dramatization of "East Lynne," "Camille," and "The Stranger," to large houses. On Wednesday night last she played "Camille," in which the young dramatic reader, Miss Hannah C. Bailey, made her *debut* in the character of M'lle. Olympe; she was very successful and bids fair to become a fine actress. Miss Jones was very ably supported by Mr. J. F. Wheelock, who has become a favorite with the people of Baltimore, and the balance of the company of the Holliday. This week she appears in "Leah," "Medea," and "Taming a Butterfly."

KATE FISHER and "The Wild Horse of Tartary" held possession of Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, last week, and drew fine houses. On her benefit night, January 27th, she played "Rookwood" and the "Young Actress," assuming in the latter piece six different characters and singing and dancing several songs and dances, besides several songs in Spanish, which, although not understood by the audience, yet were fully appreciated, and the "Bonnie Kate" was loudly applauded and called before the curtain.

THEATRICAL MANAGERS and play-goers in New Orleans were somewhat startled on Dec. 25th, by a military edict ordering all theatres and places of public amusement to be kept closed on Sundays. Amusement-seekers are very much disgusted with this order, and have been engaged in discussing its merits and those of the officer that issued it. Much has been said, pro and con., but it is the general opinion that the "poor players" should have a day of rest to themselves, and such is the opinion of our humble correspondent, "Laertes."

THE COULDOCKS having closed their engagement at the St. Charles, New Orleans, on the 1st of January, Miss Mary Provost succeeded them, opening on the 2d, as the "Countess in Love." On the 4th, she appeared in her great character of "Nell Gwynne." The "Ticket of Leave Man," was produced on the 16th, with Miss Provost as the hero. Our correspondent Laertes, says—Chaplin, as Hawkshaw the detective, was all that could be desired. Emma Maddern, as Sam Willoughby, could not have done better. The rest of the characters were wretchedly played, and therefore the least said about them the better. Last night, 19th, Miss Provost appeared as Lady Camilla, in Camilla's Husband, supported by Mr. Chaplin, as Maurice. To night, 20th, she takes her farewell benefit, appearing as Rosalind, in "As You Like It," and as Francine, in the "Young Widow's Stratagem." Those everlasting and ever-pleasing Seven Sisters are again on the wing. They are promised us on the 23rd, with new scenery, new costumes, and magical transformations.

MISS HENRIETTA IRVING commenced an engagement at the Varieties, New Orleans, on the 16th, as Lady Gay Spanker, in "London Assurance." She has also appeared as Mrs. Haller, Juliet, and Camille, to very fine houses. Barton Hill was to take his farewell benefit on the 20th, on which occasion he was to appear as Evelyn in "Money," and Captain John Smith in "Pocahontas."

LUCILLE WESTERN commenced an engagement at Grover's Washington Theatre, on January 24th. She was the recipient of a benefit on January 27th, which proved a bumper. She continues this week and produces "East Lynne."

EDWIN FORREST continues the star at Ford's Washington Theatre. "Coriolanus" was performed on January 26th.

ANOTHER MAZEPPA IN THE FIELD.—Miss Adah Montclain, equestrienne, is anxious to enter into a compact with some enterprising man who has a well trained horse, on terms fully set forth in an advertisement in another column.

W. BEAUMONT DUHRING, late business agent for Leo Hudson, is desirous of a situation to travel in the same capacity for a star. Mr. Duhring has had considerable experience in the business, having travelled with the late J. Hall Wilton, Strakosch and Grau's Concert troupe, Rumsey's Minstrels, and with Miss Hudson. Any one wishing an agent will find Mr. Duhring's address in an advertisement in another column.

"THE GAY STREET DRESSMAKER, OR THE UNION MARTYR GIRL"; a sensation drama by Fitz Simmons, has been drawing large audiences at Melodeon Music Hall, Baltimore. The works of this writer have certainly added to the profits of every manager that has thus far produced them. "The Gay Street" affair is to give place to another new two act drama by the same author, called "The Dangers of a Dancing Girl."

THE WEBB SISTERS are at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, this week; they go thence to Cairo, Ill., for one week.

AT WORRELL'S OLYMPIC, San Francisco, the Worrell Sisters are the magnets, and the affinity for them is very general. After the Star Sisters are Mrs. Franks, Mrs Evrard, Miss Kate Archer, and Messrs. Fred Franks, F. Woodhull, H. Coad, W. Stephenson and Geo. Mitchell. On Jan. 2d the "Fair One with the Golden Locks" was produced, with Sophie Worrell as Graceful, Irene Worrell as Queen Lucidora, and Little Jennie as Spirit of Fun and Frolic.

MRS. W. H. LEIGHTON took a farewell benefit on Dec. 30th, at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco. The pieces performed were "Faint Heart never won Fair Lady," "Sketches in India" and the "Fool of the Family." Notwithstanding the weather was very unpleasant, the house was crowded. Walter Bray and Chas. Wheatleigh volunteered their services.

CHAS. WHEATLEIGH commenced another engagement on Jan. 2d at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, producing the new piece of "The Enchanted Forest," and the farce of "My Preserver."

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, San Francisco, light and attractive pieces, suited to the merry temper of the season in that section of the country, were produced. Sherry Corbyn is managing the theatre, and so far has been very successful. Fanny Brown has advanced considerably in critical estimation during her engagement at the Academy, being capitally adapted for the interpretation of the light comedy parts she has essayed. Harry Courtaine had been engaged expressly to play the leading male parts. On Jan. 2d "The Lakes of Killarney" and "The Little Treasure."

M'LLE ZOE's abilities are universally recognised as being first-class wherever she appears. Speaking of her performances in Boston some time since, the *Express* of that city says:—"Mr. Marshall, the popular and energetic manager of the Boston Theatre, afforded the patrons of that establishment a genuine sensation in the engagement of the fascinating and accomplished Mlle. Marie Zoe. The lady came among us almost unheralded and made a most decided impression. In fact, she set susceptible young Boston into ecstacies, and the 'lovely Zoe' and her inimitable pantomimic representations formed the theme of conversation everywhere. In the popular military drama of the 'French Spy,' her impersonation of Mathilde de Merie is a superb performance. In the first character assumed by the intrepid Mathilde (Henri St. Alme, a French Lancer), M'lle Zoe appears to splendid advantage, her beautiful face and figure befitting the jaunty costume; but it is the part of Hamet, the wild Arab boy, in which she appeared resplendent. Her fine form, faultless in proportion and development, her expressive face, her physical energy, and her graceful pantomime, all combine to make it a creation of great beauty. Her acting is perfect—the very realization of the 'poetry of motion.' Her *poses* are elegant and positively bewitching, and, indeed, her every movement is a study for an artist. Her terrific broadsword combat with Mohammed (Mr. Lay) roused a *furore*. We have never seen anything like it attempted by a lady on the stage, and it is certainly a most remarkable exhibition of strength and skill. As a *danseuse* she excels as greatly as in the character of an actress, and her Terpsich[illegible]orean efforts are invariably rewarded with immense applause. The direction of the ballet is in the hands of Mr. Ben Yates, a gentleman finely qualified for the purpose."

MISS LULU SWEET, a member of Maguire's Opera House Company in San Francisco, was married on Dec. 27 [illegible] to a gentleman employed in the Government Revenue Office.

MR. AND MISS C. W. COULDOCK were the [illegible] stars last week at the New Nashville Theatre.

FRANK LAWLOR was up for a farewe[illegible] benefit on Jan 3d, at the Opera House, San Francisco. He [illegible] "Hamlet," to the Ophelia of Mrs [illegible] to appear as the Prince, in [illegible]

JOSEPH PROCTOR commence[illegible] Emily Jordan [illegible] Old Nashville Theatre on J[illegible] a two weeks' engagement at the [illegible]

ADA CLARE made her [illegible] Jan. 23d. [illegible] 29th, as Camille, at M[illegible] *debut* on the San Francisco stage on Dec. [illegible] Armand. The [illegible] Maguire's Opera House. Frank Mayo played [illegible] personation [illegible] house was only two-thirds full. Miss Clare's [illegible] the *role* was a signal failure.

A YOUNG ASPIRANT for the applause usually vouchsafed to the drolleries of a comedian, wishes to become a pupil of some one who travels. See advertisement.

MRS. W. H. LEIGHTON, Mrs. Emily Jordan and Frank Lawlor, are announced to take an early departure from San Francisco for New York.

MISS ANNA HATHAWAY is preparing to appear in "Mazeppa" and other equestrian dramas, under the auspices of Mr. George Deagle, of the Varieties Theatre, St. Louis.

MARIETTA RAVEL is in the last week of her successful engagement at the Varieties, Chicago. On the 6th February she is to open at the Varieties, Detroit.

MR. H. C. LEE, pantomimist, while performing at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, on the evening of Dec. 26th, met with an accident which laid him up for some time. The piece he was performing was one in which he appears to be shot out of a big cannon, falls through the stage, and next appears descending from above. Some part of the machinery of the piece gave way in his descent, and he fell a distance of eighteen feet to the stage, lighting uprightly, but giving him such a jar that it is supposed it injured his spine.

MISS LOTTA, the charming little California comedienne, was to have concluded her Nashville engagement, in connection with the "Seven Sisters," on the 28th. We regret that two trunks, containing a portion of Lotta's wardrobe, and which had just reached New York, was stolen from a house in Houston street on the 23d. Efforts are being made to recover the property; suspicion points to several noted parties as the thieves. Give up the young lady's things.

AT THE METROPOLITAN, Indianapolis, business, at last advices, was only moderately brisk. Since Mr. L. P. Barrett left, the attendance has been rather slim. On Saturday evening, Jan. 24th, Mrs. J. A. Hodges, one of the stock actresses, and by the way—a pretty good one too, our correspondent says—took her first benefit. A very good audience was in attendance, and everything went off as lovely as "marriage bells." The pieces performed were "The Persecuted Dutchman" and the "Eton Boy," the beneficiaire figuring in each of the plays......Monday evening, 23d, Mr. Neafie commenced a two weeks' engagement, appearing in "Valmonde," and repeating it on Tuesday night. He has the name and reputation of being an excellent tragedian, but our people don't seem to appreciate him as they have other performers that have preceded him. I can only attribute this to his appearing in a very indifferent play. I think he will draw well when there is a better bill offered. This evening, 25th, "Jack Cade" is the attraction.

IT IS EITHER a feast or a famine in the Smoky City as regards show matters (outside of the theatre and two music halls), and just now they are having a bountiful supply of room-shows, all of which, with one or two exceptions, have reaped a plentiful supply of greenbacks, and need never regret their visit to Pittsburgh. Mr. Neafie terminated his engagement at the Pittsburgh Theatre on Friday, the 20th, to one of the largest houses of the season, and for Saturday night Manager Henderson's stock had full sway of the boards and offered the "Rag Picker of Paris," with Mr. Wm. Henderson in the title *role* of Father Jean, the Rag Picker, and Miss Annie Eberle as Marie Didier, both of which our correspondent "Idaho" says, they truthfully rendered and received the plaudits of a large and fashionable audience.... On the 23d, Vestvali was to appear, but for some unforeseen accident she did not arrive until Tuesday night, too late to perform that evening, and the "Sea of Ice," which was substituted in her place, was received with very good houses both Monday and Tuesday nights. Wednesday night, Vestvali, the "magnif.," *did* appear in all her magnificence as Angelo, in "Bel Demonio," and was ably supported by Messrs. Dickson, Chippendale, Ogden and Wentworth. Miss Annie Eberle, as Lena, fairly shared the applause of the audience with the "Magnif." The Countess Camperalia, by Mrs. Julia Sylvester, was very good, besides being excellently dressed, as she always is. The piece was repeated on the 26th, and drew forth still a larger house than on the preceding evening, notwithstanding the counter attractions in the shape of Morris & Wilson's Minstrels and Prof. Belmont, magician.

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH's engagement of twelve nights at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, terminated on Saturday, Jan. 28th, in the play of "Retribution." Mr. Booth appeared twice last week as Hamlet, and once each in "Richard IIId," "The Robbers," "Marble Heart," and "Retribution." The houses have been so small that the management were obliged to combine the fairy burlesque of "Beauty and the Beast," (which proved so successful at the *matinees*) with Mr. Booth's performances, when Miss Germon's charming singing and acting as Beauty seemed to revive the business. Miss Cordelia Cappell, an actress favorably known in that city, made her first appearance on Wednesday, 25th. Miss Cappell is to supply the position vacated by Miss Vaughn's withdrawal......Monday, Jan. 30th, the "Three Guardsmen" was to be produced, with Lewis Baker, Frank Mordaunt and H. S. Murdoch in the principal characters. In conjunction with the "Three Guardsmen," Miss Germon will appear as Beauty, in the burlesque fairy spectacle entitled "Beauty and the Beast." The Wednesday afternoon performances have proved quite popular, and "Beauty and the Beast" and "The Youth that Never Saw a Woman" are announced for Wednesday and Saturday afternoons of this week. We regret to learn that Mr. Joseph Springer leaves the Chestnut with the passing week. Mr. Springer has been connected with the Chestnut ever since it opened, and by his gentlemanly conduct and efficiency in his capacity of engineer, has made many friends in that goodly city......Helen Western, as the "French Spy," commences on Monday evening, Feb. 6th.

LAWRENCE P. BARRETT appeared at the Arch, Philadelphia, as Enoch Arden, Claude Melnotte, and Raphael ("Marble Heart") all last week to good houses. Enoch Arden was not a success as a play in a literary point of view, although it gave Mr. Barrett a chance in several scenes to display his talent as a reader. The dramatization differs essentially from the poem, for in the play we have some fifteen characters, while in the poem there are but three, viz., Enoch, Philip Ray, and Annie Lee. The scenery was very beautiful, especially those scenes representing Enoch's cottage and the Isle of Palms. Messrs. Carden, Robson, and Donaldson deserve credit for their acting, although, says our correspondent, "Lucifer," "Mr. Carden did not look the part he represented; Mrs. Thayer and Miss Price were also most excellent throughout the piece. Mr. Barrett is, I consider, one of the finest young actors on the stage. He has a remarkably fine voice, a good stage presence, and as a reader is almost unexceptionable. His Claude Melnotte and Raphael were beautiful performances. Mr. Barrett appears all this week, and after him comes Mrs. John Drew......"How She Loves Him," by Dion Boucicault, is in preparation at this theatre......Mr. William Moore has been engaged by Mrs. Drew to fulfil the position of stage manager at the Arch, in place of Mr. Fredericks."

THE WALLACK-DAVENPORT ALLIANCE concluded their engagement at the Walnut, Philadelphia, on the 28th. On Wednesday evening, 25th, the Alliance brought out another dramatization of Tennyson's poem of "Enoch Arden," but it met with so little favor that they did not repeat it. It is much less interesting than the version produced by Mr. Barrett at the Arch, but the adaptor retains more of the original language, and invents fewer characters. Mr. Wallack, as Enoch, had no great scope to display his abilities, and Mr. Davenport's part was nothing more than a walking gentleman's; the rest of the parts were of but little account. The scenery was poor, and the piece miserably put on the stage. ......Monday, Jan. 30, Frank Drew commences his engagement, appearing as Solon Shingle ("People's Lawyer"), as Camille in his original burlesque, and as Handy Andy. Mr. Drew is one of the most amusing and versatile comedians on the stage, and if he gets his deserts, the Walnut will be crowded throughout his engagement.

CHARLES S. PORTER's TESTIMONIAL at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 27th January, was a great success, and a sum of over *three thousand dollars* was netted by the entertainment. Davenport, Wallack, Drew, the Richings, Barrett, James Carden, Effie Germon, Mordaunt, and all the members of the profession appeared. Edwin Adams was unable to recite Shamus O'Brian on account of violent sore throat; neither, for some cause, did Miss Kate Denin appear. Mr. Henry R. Hellier deserves great credit for the energy he displayed, and for his efficient services.

THEATRICALS IN CHICAGO are thus referred to by our correspondent, "Argus:" The weather, for the past few days, has been clear, cold and frosty. The skaters at all the parks have been holding high carnival, but still without any visible diminution in the audiences at in-door entertainments. The people of Chicago are *par excellence* an amusement-loving community, and they are ready at all times to patronize whatever is new and good......At Wood's Theatre, Lester Wallack's adaptation of the "Romance of A Poor Young Man" was produced, for the first time, on Monday evening, Jan. 23d, to a fair house. The drama had an excellent "run" in New York, and is destined to be successful at this house. It is of the French frenchy, but still many of the situations are good. The dialogue, in several of the acts, is piquant and spirited. A good deal depends on the scenic effects; and the management, in this particular, have displayed the greatest taste in placing the piece on the stage. The *mise en scene* is very fine, and the ruins of the old chateau a triumph of the pictorial art. The cast embraces the entire strength of the company. Mr. Frank E. Aiken personates "Manuel," (the Marquis de Champery), with great feeling. The scene, when left alone in the old ruins with "Marguerite," (Mrs. L. B. Perrin) was an exquisite bit of acting. The fearful leap, which is admirably executed, never fails to elicit a rapturous cheer and an enthusiastic call before the curtain. The part of "Marguerite" is peculiarly suited to Mrs. Perrin's style of acting, and she represents the character with great ability. Bradley is a most excellent Dr. Desmarets, and never fails to call for the most unbounded applause. Mr. McManus, as that prince of fops, Bevannes, created much amusement by the airyness which he displayed in the several scenes, while all appreciated duly the dolorousness of the disconsolate widow, Madame Aubrey (Miss Jennie Hight). The other parts were well rendered by Mr. Little, Mr. Rogers, Mrs. Stoneall and Mrs. Axtel......Grover's German Opera Troupe have departed from McVicker's Theatre, minus Carl Formes, who has had another discord with Leonard, of Washington celebrity. Excuses had to be made frequently for the great basso while the season lasted. Herr blames Grover for not coming up to time in regard to contract, while in turn the manager berates the musician for being out of time and tune. Explanations are given on both sides by the papers here, but now that the troupe has left, few people care about the nature of the quarrel. Formes intends to join Grau, and to be present at the inauguration of our new opera house. McVicker's dramatic company have again possession of the boards, with the graceful and clever "Zoe," as the leading star. She opened on Monday evening, Jan. 23d, to a most crowded house, in the "French Spy," and quite electrified the audience with her wild Arab dance, and a terrific broad-sword combat. She is really a most admirable swordsman, or rather swordswoman, and displays the greatest amount of muscle, &c. It would have charmed the heart of "Mr. Vincent Crumles" to have witnessed the performance. The combat between the big and little sailors is completely thrown into the shade by the performance of M'lle Zoe and Mr. E. L. Day, who personates "Mahomet." This talented young lady has already established herself as a great favorite here, and the house has been crowded every evening since her first appearance. She is the talk of the town. The other parts incidental to the drama are well personated by Mr. F. F. Mackay, Mr. Sam Myers, and the various leading members of the company. Several of M'lle Zoe's best pieces are underlined, but the "Spy" is destined to run a week at least.

W. J. COGSWELL had a benefit on January 27th, at the Academy, Binghampton, N. Y. The "Duke's Motto" was performed, also the farce of "Paddy Miles' Boy," Cogswell enacting Lagardere, and Florence La Fond, Blanche.

FRED L. KENT and Josephine Tyson have started out on a starring tour, and commenced at Plunkett's Athenæum, Fort Wayne, Ind., on January 23d, opening in "East Lynne." They were to remain there six nights, and go thence to Lexington, Ky., for six nights.

MR. WM. SHIRES, long and favorably known to the citizens of Cincinnati as manager for the past ten years, has leased the Old National Theatre in that city, and is at present remodelling, upholstering and decorating that establishment, preparatory to reopening it for travelling exhibitions of all kinds that may wish to show in that city.

AT THE BOSTON THEATRE the dramatic season recommences on Wednesday evening, February 1st, with Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," with James W. Wallack, E. L. Davenport and Rose Eytinge in the cast. The "Naiad Queen" is in active preparation, and is to be produced on Feb. 6th.

THE FRENCH COMPANY have possession of the Tremont Theatre, Boston, this week, under the direction of Paul Juignet.

MR. WILLARD has two more sensation dramas in active preparation at the Howard, Boston, entitled "The Man of Mystery," and "The Spirit of the Dead."

LEO HUDSON is the star this week at the Nashville Theatre, opening there January 30th, in "Mazeppa."

"MONEY AND MISERY" continues to attract good houses to the Howard Athenæum, Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Langdon have been left out of the cast, and Mr. Charles J. Fyffe and Amy Stone substituted for cause.

AT THE GRISWOLD OPERA HOUSE, Troy, Mr. George C. Davenport was the recipient of a benefit on Jan. 24th. A correspondent says:—"The house was crowded from pit to dome long before the curtain was raised, and it must have pleased George to see so large and appreciative an audience. The bill for the occasion was 'The Knight of Arva,' Mr. Davenport rendering the part of Connor the Rash in his usual successful manner. The nautical drama of the 'Pirate's Legacy' followed, with Davenport as Bob, the Negro. The whole concluded with the roaring farce of 'The Limerick Boy.' Mr. Davenport, as Paddy Miles, kept the house in a continual roar of laughter. Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Jan. 25th and 26th, we had 'Damon and Pythias,' with 'Barney the Baron.' Friday evening, the benefit of the low comedian, T. J. Herndon, took place. What we want now at the Opera House, is a leading lady and a few substitutes for some of the male performers."

THE WARREN COMBINATION succeeded the Florences at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, but they last week played to rather slim houses, for the reason, it is thought, that Maggie Mitchell, at the opposition house, is too strong a "*mag*"-net of attraction in that city. They have played the "Poor Gentleman," "She Stoops to Conquer," "Heir at Law," and "Dunduckett's Picnic." They are good performers, and will, no doubt, create a host of admirers.

MAGGIE MITCHELL has "reigned supreme" at Wood's, Cincinnati, and draws by far the best houses of the season—a good seat after seven o'clock being a thing almost impossible to get at. Last week she played the "Pearl of Savoy," which was put upon the stage with some very pretty new scenery. Sidney Smith as Pierrot, D. Ralton as Loustalot, and H. B. Hudson as Arthur de Livry, all played their parts in the most praiseworthy manner, says our correspondent "Gorgias," and elicited round after round of genuine applause......Edwin Adams succeeds Maggie, opening on Monday evening, 30th, as Enoch Arden, in "Under the Palm."

Negro Minstrelsy.

AT HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, Brooklyn, Momus holds court, giving nightly receptions at which the votaries of fun and minstrelsy never fail to congregate. Budworth's Ethiopian version of "Solon Shingle" has not yet been ordered off, and continues on the bills this week. Parkinson and Herman's ballads are as popular as ever, and the vocal and instrumental choir discourse in most harmonious measures.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS, owing to obstructions on the Lake Shore Road, could not reach Buffalo in time to fulfil their engagement there. They reached Rochester from Dunkirk by way of Corning, in time to open at Corinthian Hall, Saturday, Jan. 28th.

THOMAS GREELEY, an Ethiopian performer in San Francisco, and a native of Ireland, died in that city on Dec. 29th, very suddenly, aged twenty-eight years.

SKIFF & GAYLORD'S MINSTRELS opened in Washington Hall, Rochester, Saturday evening, 28th Jan., in opposition to Newcomb's.

MORRIS & WILSON'S MINSTRELS flung open their doors at Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh, on Jan. 27th, and drew a fair house considering the weather, it being six degrees below zero.

J. F. DUNNIE, tenor and alto singer, has left Newcomb's Minstrels, and joined Arlington's.

DAVIS' GREAT ALLIANCE MINSTREL AND BRASS BAND was advertised to give entertainments at Masonic Hall, Indianapolis, on Feb. 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS are billed to appear in Albion, N. Y., Feb. 1st; Lockport, N. Y., Feb. 2d; Canandaigua, N. Y., Feb. 3d, Geneva, N. Y., Feb. 4th and 5th. They are on their way East.

DAVID S. WAMBOLD, the popular balladist, was severely injured on the evening of Dec. 27th, in San Francisco, by being thrown from a buggy. He was driving a double team, and the horses taking fright, dashed along at a furious rate, throwing Wambold out, his head striking with violence against the curbstone, inflicting a very severe gash. He was kept off the boards only two nights, and re-appeared on the 29th, looking none the worse for wear.

DAN GARDNER is playing his burlesque, "East Lynne," with Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, Philadelphia.

MESSRS. COTTON & MURPHY, the well-known and popular negro minstrels, recently arrived from California, are organizing a troupe of first-class minstrels, with whom they propose making a tour of the States, and giving first-class performances. Mr. W. H. Smith will have the business management of the troupe, and they hope to be ready to start out on or about Feb. 20th. The name of the concern will be "Cotton & Murphy's California Minstrels."

WE HEAR a story about a recently organised band of minstrels down east. It seems the concern started in Springfield, Mass., and left for Connecticut, one of the party going ahead as agent with a trunk full of posters and such things; he billed several places, but not hearing from the "main body" of his forces, or the treasurer, he became "dead broke." Getting desperate, and probably incensed at the conduct of the boys, he took the balance of the posters (about $500 worth) to a junk shop and sold the whole lot for seventeen dollars. Then he felt relieved, and in better spirits. The company at length came along, but there were no posters about, no advertising done, no nothing; must be some mistake, they thought. On to New London, same thing there. Think it about time to stop, and hold a council of war—they do so, and look about for the go-ahead agent. They send the middle man to Norwich to hunt up the man with the trunk; middle man gets "mixed" by drinking mixed liquors, and learns of the junk shop operation; sees the junkist; goes one eye on him; charges him with receiving stolen goods; junkist not a bit skeered, but offers him the posters for $25; middle man goes off in a rage; meets the go-ahead man in a brown study; the two combine their powers and get happy; visit the junk man, pay him $25, receive their posters and leave for New London, and again reorganise. We have not heard who is to go ahead this time.

A PARTY of minstrels, amateurs, ranging from 12 to 21 years, recently gave an entertainment in Norwich, Conn. The audience was as few as the performance. Two of the performers were hissed off the stage for being drunk. Bad boys, bad boys.

A YOUTH of seventeen summers advertises in another part of this paper for an opportunity to learn the minstrel business. Will some manager give James Harrison a chance?

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS performed at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, on January 28th, and were billed to remain on the 30th and 31st.

THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS commenced [illegible] Jan. [illegible] at the Melodeon Hall, Cincinnati. They are advertised for six [illegible]

AN INSTRUMENTAL AND VOCAL QUARTET is advertised for by Frank Edwards, the well known agent in another column.

DUPREZ AND GREEN's MINSTRELS have had a most prosperous campaign in Jersey during the past week, full houses and delighted audiences having been the rule and not the exception. On the 23d, 24th, and 25th ult. they were at Trenton; [illegible]

beth, and the remaining days of the week at Newark, where they met with immense patronage, notwithstanding they had given a series of their pleasing entertainments there only a week before.

Music Halls.

WHERE TO GET DANCING CLOGS and at what rates, may be discovered by reading Mr. W. Roberts' advertisement in another column. The fact that Tim Hayes uses Mr. Roberts' clogs would seem to be an all-sufficient endorsement of their quality.

MISS MAUDE STANLEY, the vocalist, was included in the new attractions of the past week at the Canterbury, Washington. Among the other first appearances were Frank Lacy, Miss Florence Reynolds, E. Bowers, Jonny Mack, Little Mack, and Walter Wentworth. The bill presented was one of the best ever offered at the Canterbury.

TOM POLAND, with his Variety Company, opened his new hall in Nashville on January 16th, to a good house. The company consists of the Misses Sallie Clinetop, Lucie Clinetop, Alice Christine, and Lizzy Sinclare, Mast Bideaux, T. W. Poland, Geo. Fields, Reddy Hughes, James Cassidy, Mast. Andrew, P. H. Seamon, Charlie Benedict, Johnny Perkins, George Whiting, and F. Schultz.

AT FRED AIMS' Melodeon, Pittsburgh, the following are among the performers engaged: Harry Clifford, Billy Holmes, Denny Gallagher, Harry Enochs, the Buffalo Boys, Larry Tooley, Billy Boyd, L. J. Donnelly, the Misses Jennie Allen, Ellen Colens, Rose Smith, Maggie Marshall, Maggie Maira, Louisa Robinson, Frank Honey, etc. Cherry Belle commences January 30. They have been doing the farce of the "Limerick Boy," with Harry Clifford as Paddy Miles.

THE CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL, New Orleans, now called the St. Charles Street Opera House, is at present occupied by a German Company, under the management of Herr Osterman. They presented "William Tell," on the 18th, in a very acceptable manner. The Æolian Minstrels from Philadelphia were daily expected, when the place would re-open under the management of Messrs. Allinson & Woods.

J. H. CLIFFORD, the well-known clog-dancer of this city, sets sail for New Orleans on Feb. 4th, to join Spaulding & Rogers' Varieties. As clog-dancing forms a popular part of amusements of the present day, we doubt not that Messrs. Spaulding & Co. will find Mr. Clifford quite an acquisition to their company. Mr. C. leaves his business in this city in competent hands during his absence.

THE PALACE VARIETIES, Cincinnati, has the renowned Zanfretta, the Walker Sisters, Clara Burton and Fred Mueller, violincelloist, late of Grau's Opera, and together with the old favorites and entire change of programmes they draw as well as ever.

THE CASINO, Philadelphia, continues to enjoy a remarkable degree of prosperity. Miss Lizzie La Grange, jig danseuse and comic-vocalist, joins the company this week.

FRED AIMS' MELODEON, Pittsburgh, is doing a brisk business. Fred has always proved an able caterer to this phase of the public taste, and is reaping his rewards, which he justly merits, as this institution is litterly swimming in greenbacks. Cherry Belle, "The Star of the West," and M'lle Louise Elmore were underlined for an appearance on Monday, 30th. Bob Butler and Amelia Wells were also underlined and advertised, but for some reason of their own, they failed to make their appearance, making the third time that they have broken engagements with Fred Aims since he has been in that city.

Circuses.

HOWES' GREAT CIRCUS was announced to bring their performances in New Orleans to a close on the 21st Jan. On the 20th, Ned Crouest was up for a benefit. Our correspondent says, "He is the most gentlemanly clown that has ever visited New Orleans, and he has, during his short stay here, made a host of friends. Crockett has also excited a great deal of admiration by his bold and daring feats."

MRS. YANKEE ROBINSON has purchased the Melville Australian Circus, and is already making great preparations for starting out with it for the tenting season.

M. CROWE, whether related to Jim Crow or not, we are not informed, wants to crow in the capacity of clown or comic singer with a circus during the season of 1865. His address will be found in an advertisement in another column.

SPALDING AND ROGERS' Circus opened at the Academy, New Orleans, on the 12th January. The Variety Company, which was to have left for Havana on the 14th, but which, on account of the interruption of communications, was unable to leave, appeared in conjunction with the Circus to large and delighted audiences.

ABOUT AN AGENT.—When Levi J. North owned the amphitheatre in Chicago, and was making arrangements for his coming travelling campaign, he received a variety of applications for the position of agent, but probably none had more confidence in his own abilities than the author of the following letter, which was among those sent to North for a posish. We omit the writer's name, but otherwise the letter is "according to copy:"

WOBURN Mass Jan 11th 1859

LEVI. J. NORTH. ESQ I wrote to you some time sence for a Situation as Clown as I have received no reply I take this opportunity to address you again.

When you are travling you have an "agent" to post "Show Bills" I would like to act as Agent for Levi, J, North's Show I think that I would do the business satisfactory; I will do better than your "Late Agent" Simons I think $5,000 would be as much, as I would defraud you of.

With the "Pen," without the "Tongue;" I wish for a situation as Agent if you want me I will act as Agent for you Cheaper than any other man and do it better I will give good recomend and reference as to Character &c.

You may think that I say to much about myself. Sir I will give satisfaction no matter what I say. Do not call me a better Agent than your Late One until I have proven to you that I am. Call me a Devil till I prove to you that I not.

I am the second Barnum but not so big a "Humbug" I am bound to travil with a Circus and I hope yours.

Please to answer this and oblige Your's Resp ——

Woburn Massachuetts

P, S, Give me a Situation if I am worthy, of your respect. (Answer this Please) ——

WOBURN Mass Jan 11th 1859

To Levi J. North Chiargo Ill's

A showman I am bound to be,
My name in Posters you will see.
Around the world I will go
With *Norths* or some other Show
The Ladys they will here a huming
For old —— is shurely comeing
You see that I am a poet,
While I young I bound to go it,
The people they all got this frantic
They think there cant be a Clown this side of the Alantic.

WILSON'S HIPPODROME, in San Francisco, erected where stood the Mechanics Pavilion, has been well patronized by the citizens of Frisco since the opening night. There are two rings, an inner and outer one. In the outer one, running races, hurdle and chariot racing, Roman races, pony racing—in fact every species of sport adapted to a large ring, is performed. The races have proved most exciting, the audience, the ladies not excepted, taking the liveliest interest and heartily applauding the winner. On the evening of January 2d a Roman chariot race came near being attended with consequences of a serious nature. The horses attached to the chariots were spirited animals, and entering into the race with a zest, dashed off at full speed. After performing the circuit of the track two or three times, by an unintentional "jockeying" on the part of one of the female charioteers, a collision was brough about. The animals—two to each chariot—became ungovernable and started off at a furious speed; one team becoming detached from the chariot, the intrepid driver held on to the reins, and kept up a sort of connection between the horses and chariot until one of the men within the inner ring rushed out and seized the animals before they had got the complete mastery over their fair driver. By this time the other team had performed the circuit of the track again, and it seemed about to dash right over the other chariot before it could be got out of the way, and certain destruction threatened the woman in it; but by cool self-possession of the driver of the flying team, the disabled chariot was cleared by almost a hair's breadth. The other horses were soon secured and the matter passed over without any serious results. About half an hour later, during the hurdle races, one of the horses failing to clear the hedge, fell with his rider and rolled over on him. The spectators supposed the man would be crushed to death, but happily he, too, escaped with but slight injury. In the smaller ring Zoyara's principal act on horseback, the trained colt Othello, and Messrs. Painter and Durand in their act of "La Perche Equipoise," as well as a host of other gymnastic and acrobatic performers, constituted a big show.

S. O. WHEELER'S Circus, in Boston, has for its attractions this week, Eaton Stone, Mlle. Ida, the Nicolo Troupe, Master Robert, the Talleen Brothers, Messrs. Pennie and Goldie, Richard Hemmings, Showles, and William Kennedy. On Friday evening, Jan. 27th, a scene was performed not down in the bills. While one of the supernumeraries was engaged in laying down a carpet for one of the acts, two policemen entered the ring and took one of them, arresting him as a "bounty jumper."

A GOOD BAND, which, it is claimed, is second to none for locomotive establishments, is advertised in this and succeeding issues of the CLIPPER as on the look out for an engagement with some first-class circus or menagerie. Application may be made to Mr. G. McDonald, No. 56 Nashua street, Boston.

DAN RICE is announced to appear at the National Circus, Philadelphia, on the 6th of Feb.

Miscellaneous.

A NEW HALL has just been completed in Fort Wayne, Ind. It is called Hamilton Hall, and will seat 700 people.

THE ALLEGHANIANS, vocalists and Swiss Bell Ringers, are *en route* for Nashville, Tenn. They will appear at Indianapolis this week. At Chicago they were very successful. The *Daily Times* in speaking of their reception in that city says:

"THE ALLEGHANIANS.—The reception which this most popular of all itinerant troupes has met with the past two nights, and the anxiety on the part of large numbers of others to hear them, have induced them to give one more concert, to-night, at Bryan hall. It is difficult to say in which the troupe most excel—their vocal or their instrumental performances. Miss Hiffert exhibits a dramatic style which would be no discredit to the majority of pretensions of prima donnas; Mr. Boulard is a baritone of great fulness and richness; while Mr. Galloway exhibits a comic power refined but tangible, which renders him a favorite the moment he appears before the audience. The bell-ringing is of the best, —the Grand March, among many others, being rendered very effectively."

MASSONI, the Anglo-Italian illusionist, is wizarding out west, in conjunction with Evans & Co.'s Gift Enterprise. They are doing an excellent business, and the "Mazzo" is an immense favorite, judging from the flattering notices he receives. We clip the following from the *Detroit Free Press* of Jan. 17th:—"A large and highly respectable audience gathered last evening to witness the magic operations of Professor Mazzoni, at the Young Men's Hall. After witnessing a few of the wonderful feats of the Professor, the popular notion—and in nine cases out of ten justly so—that all gift entertainments [illegible] Professor is one conducted are humbugs, was dispelled. The feats of magic [illegible] an expert at the business, and performed covered tables, [illegible] standing—and this, too, without the aid of comparative novice [illegible] such like adjuncts, by which even a entertainment alone is [illegible] an impression. This part of the gifts made the entertainment also [illegible] witnessing, but the distribution of *Daily Tribune* [illegible] Mazzoni are artistic and agreeably interesting." The *Detroit* aid of machinery and other mystic performances of Professor well as astonish the holder. [illegible] they are done without the

JOSH BILLINGS gave one of his Lect[illegible] influences, and please as nish," at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., on "Putty and Varnish on "putty thick."

"THAT COMICAL BOY" gave one of his [illegible] the 27th. He put Pierian Hall, New Bedford, Mass., on Jan. 26th. [illegible] concerts at

PROF. J. M. SEARLE at Natchez on Jan. 18th, and [illegible] thence to New Orleans and around the gulf towns. [illegible] as to go

MASSONI, the wizard commences at Bryan Hall, Chicago, on Jan. 31st., for eleven nights, and from thence goes to Indianapolis. He is meeting with flattering success.

NO SHOWMEN OR MANAGER can expect to succeed in any enterprise unless he deals largely with the printer. In proportion to the amount of greenbacks he invests in posters, dodgers, etc., and the display he makes with them, will be his success, providing, always, that he pays promptly and liberally, for there is a vast difference between employing and paying the printer. Now, there may be many showmen down east who would do greater things in wall literature if they knew where to get their posters, etc., done up promptly and in good style. To such we would say, give F. A. Searle's Printing Establishment in Boston a fair trial, where they get up anything in the line, from a large-sized poster to an exit check, economically and well. For the precise address of this house, see advertisement in another column, cut it out and place it in your diary or account-book.

THE BAKER FAMILY gave a concert at Singer's Hall, La Crosse, Wis., Saturday evening, Jan. 28th.

ALF. HOWARD, the American violinist and guitarist, gave a concert at Huntington, Ind., Jan. 19th.

THE CASTLE & CAMPBELL OPERA TROUPE closed their engagement in Buffalo, N. Y., on the 28th of Jan. They go from Buffalo to Detroit, where they open on Tuesday, Jan. 31st, for ten nights.

THACKERAY, the historian, was a famous man in his line, and James Thackeray, the bill poster of Pittsburgh, has an equal fame in the region round about the Smoky City for his skill, promptitude and honesty in his speciality, and is deserving of patronage. Let show people see that he gets it when they travel that way.

SOMERBY'S VARIETY SHOW commenced their performances at Masonic Hall, Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 19th. Our correspondent "Bontelle" says—"I stepped in to see them on the evening of their first entertainment, and was agreeably surprised to find the house well filled. The audience seemed well pleased with the exhibition. The clog dancing by Dick Sands was excellent, while the dog performances, ventriloquism and pantomimes were all very good. They gave their exhibition on Friday and Saturday evenings, and a *matinee* on Saturday afternoon for children."

LA RUE, with his war show, was to have put in at Masonic Hall, Indianapolis, on the 24th; but owing to the delay of the train carrying the "show fixins," he was unable to give an entertainment that night. He commenced the following evening, and remained there throughout the week, exhibiting every evening, and giving a *matinee* on Saturday P. M.

THE NEW CITY HALL, Providence, R. I., built expressly for and well adapted for lectures, concerts, exhibitions and all such kindred entertainments, and having superior accommodations, as well as being excellently constructed for ingress and egress, is advertised to be rented in this and succeeding issues of THE CLIPPER.

A FIRST-CLASS HALL is always earnestly sought after by managers of travelling companies, and when they fail to find one they frequently give a place the go-by. The necessity for doing so is now obviated, however, at Terre Haute, Ind., as Mr. Thomas Dowling has erected and fitted up a hall of ample proportions with first-class conveniences for first-class shows. It is called Dowling Hall, and may be rented by addressing the proprietor according to his advertisement in another column.

WILKINSON gave his Patchwork Entertainment at Albion, N. Y., on Jan. 28th, and was to remain on the 30th.

C. AMORY BRUCE is at present engineering ahead for an entertainment of his own, called Bruce & Co.'s Great World Show. Karl Kahr is in the party. The Show was announced to open in Fort Wayne, Indiana, on Jan. 30th, for one week. Last week they showed at Wieting Hall, Syracuse, to a big business.

PROFESSOR BELMONT held forth last week at Concert Hall, Pittsburgh, with his "Soirees Magique," assisted by Mad. Belmont, Mrs. Chas. Howard (from the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore), Mons. Pychowski, and Mr. Geo. Gray, the tenor. The Troupe have not drawn very well; in fact, the Smoky Citizens have been humbugged so much of late with this class of entertainment that it is completely prestidigitated out of public favor, and all meet with about the same reception, viz: slim houses, let them be good or bad. Prof. Belmont, as a magician, is said to be equal to any seen these.

ARTEMUS WARD dropped in upon the Brooklynites on the evenings of the 27th and 28th of January, and put up his Mormonite Show on the stage of their Academy of Music, which was tolerably well filled by an assemblage of Artemus's friends on both occasions. "Arty" was in good trim for discoursing on the attributes of Mormonism, and elicited considerable laughter and applause by his peculiar witticisms......This week he is in Philadelphia.

ON SUNDAY EVENING, Jan. 22d, a special representation of the Ethno-Soterian was given in Pittsburgh for the benefit of the orphans of that city; it was accompanied by a lecture by Professor Green, on the "Lives of Joseph, Moses, Pharaoh, Joshua and Solomon." The house was moderately packed at 15 cents a head.

A LOT OF MONKEYS, birds, rare animals, snakes and things are advertised for sale by Yankee Robinson. Who'll buy?

MASTER DUDLEY WALLER, the Infant Orator, held forth at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, on the 23d and 24th Jan. to fair houses. He is a gifted youth.

THE "CARTER ZOUAVES" were at Peru, Ind., Jan. 27th. Mr. I. Wickwire has joined the party as assistant agent to help *steer* (Steere) the company. A correspondent says:—"Steere & Wickwire, agents of the Zouaves, and Waldron, agent for the Old Alleghanians, met at Peru (not South America, although the latter named gent has showed in both domains to some considerable extent); they all conjointly billed the town, giving much gratification to 'whom it may concern.'"

A VOCAL and dramatic entertainment, for the benefit of soldiers now in the field who had been residents of the Fifteenth ward, Brooklyn, E. D., was given at Gross' Hall on the 26th Jan. The prominent features on the programme were a banjo solo by J. C. Roome; grand chorus by the Æolian Glee Club; McGraw Family, by the West Brothers; sentimental song by Walter Field, and comic song by J. Hebbet. The performance concluded with the farce of "My Young Wife and Old Umbrella," with J. H. Nevins as Grizzle, J. T. Taylor as Prog, with J. Rowbotham, E. Teale, and Miss Maggie Howard in the rest of the cast.

IN THE WAY of music, the people of New Orleans have been favored with a few choice concerts by Madame Anna Bishop, assisted by Mr. Charles Lascelles. She left there, in the early part of the month, for Matamoras, where she intends to give a few concerts previous to her departure for Europe. Mr. C. Busch will engineer her through.

CHARLEY SHAY'S GREAT QUINCUPLEXAL AND CELESTIAL TROUPE, consisting of twenty-one star performers, can be engaged by addressing him as per advertisement in another column.

WHISTON, THE POLYPHONIST and Humorist, has been scattering the seeds of merriment, and reaping a harvest of greenbacks in return, among the good people of the Old Bay State. Mr. A. B. Palmer, who attends to the business of the concern, is said to be affable in his manners and prompt in his attention to whatever appertains to his department.

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL AND CELESTIAL TROUPE, is said to be doing the largest business ever done in the Western country at 50 cents admission, reserved seats 75 cents, and children 25 cents. At Ravienna, Akron, Mansfield, and Hudson, Ohio, the halls were too small to hold the people, consequently the doors were closed long before commencing time. The Quincuplexalitarians perform at Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 2d and 3d; Lafayette, 4th; Logansport, 6th; Peru, 7th; Fort Wayne, 8th and 9th; Toledo, 10th and 11th; Sandusky City, 13th; Tiffin, 15th; Norwalk, 16th; Cleveland, 17th, 18th and 20th, and all the principal cities and towns in Pennsylvania, part of Virginia and New Jersey.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

HENRY COLEMAN, Blondin's treasurer, came up in the London Bankruptcy Court on Jan. 3d. He owes Blondin, it is said, $63,000, which he had received from the rope performer as a loan. Rope walking must be profitable when one walker can lend a "walker" in a different line of biz. such a pile.

M. BENAZET, the manager of the Baden-Baden gambling rooms, brought an action in Paris lately against Mdlle. Plessy, the actress of the Theatre Francais, to recover 2000f. bonus upon her salary, at Baden, which he alleged was paid by his secretary under a mistake, he (M. Benazet) having already paid her an extra 500f. himself. The court, however, held that the actress was not proved to have known that there was any mistake, and was entitled to keep both gratuities.

THE MANAGER of the Bordeaux Theatre lately made a rule obliging every member of the orchestra to wear a white cravat under penalty of five francs for every default. The first fiddle resisted, and when his black cravat was objected to, refused to play. He brought an action for his full salary, but was discomfited, the court ruling in favor of the manager, and deducting not only the fine, but the 15f. for absence without leave.

PROF. ANDERSON, after a season of eighteen weeks at the St. James' Hall, London, brought his stay there to a close on Jan. 9th.

KATE BATEMAN, returning from a provincial tour, re-appeared at the Adelphi Theatre, London, Eng, on Jan. 2d, in "Leah." She was warmly welcomed by a not crowded house. Mr. George Jordan made his first appearance at this theatre on this occasion. "Leah" is said to be played out, and the "Hunchback" was announced for speedy production.

JACKSON HAINES, the skater, is reported as having made $15,000 by his performances in England.

OLE BULL re-appeared after an absence of many years from the concert room in Berlin, recently. His old admirers were pleased to find that, although his hair has become gray, he possessed all the wonderful mastery over his instrument which he displayed in years long since passed away.

MR. H. C. COOPER is at present managing the British Operatic Association, and, on the 8th inst., was performing at the Theatre Royal, Cork.

MONTAGUE AND WILSON's Christys Minstrels were performing at last advices at St. James' Hall, Liverpool. The burlesque opera of "Lucrezia Borgia," was produced on January 3d, with Eugene as Lucrezia, Wilson as Gennaro, and Unsworth as Orsini. Unsworth has heretofore been looked upon only as a stump orator, but he is said to possess talent of no mean order, and which would have secured him a good position on the dramatic stage.

MR. JOHN MILLICENT, dancer and American comedian, died in London, January 10th, aged forty-nine. He had been a professional dancer thirty-nine years.

MAX DONATI, better known as Max Martinaques, the wooden-leg dancer, and who had been travelling many years as negro duettist and dancer, died in London, January 8th.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON took a farewell benefit on November 24th, at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, but was to play a few nights longer in conjunction with Barry Sullivan.

LADY DON continued the attraction, at last advices, at the Haymarket Theatre, Melbourne.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, Edinburgh, was destroyed by fire January 13th.

EDWARD HENRY HENGLER died in Liverpool, Eng., Jan. 8th, aged forty-five. Mr. Hengler was born and brought up in the equestrian profession. He was well known in this country, having been here many years ago. He had retired from public life, and, at the time of his death, was, with his brother, carrying on a riding academy.

AMUSEMENTS.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
Doors open at 7..........................Commencing at 7¾
EIGHTH WEEK! EIGHTH WEEK!
Of the great local drama entitled
THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.
The production of which has proved the
GREAT SENSATION OF THE SEASON,
and attracted for the past seven weeks
THE LARGEST AUDIENCES
ever assembled in this theatre, constituting a
GENUINE AND UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS.
SEATS SECURED SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE.

AMUSEMENTS.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.
THE GREATEST ENTHUSIASM
evinced by a
THRONGED AND APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE
at each performance of the
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Lessee and Manager..............WM. WHEATLEY
MONDAY, JAN. 30, 1865,
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First representations this season of
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With the Songs of "Kattie Mooney" and "Fairy Boy," and a Jig with Mrs. Williams, "The Connaughtman's Rambles."
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THE SENSATION OF THE SEASON.
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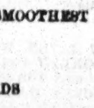

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Wherever he went it followed, so that his minutest action did not escape observation. It was the pupil that he had himself trained who was thus avenging him-

threw it on the table. Silas smiled, as he watched the vindictive glance of Light as he lifted up the precious parcel.

compensates me for all the anxieties which the duty has entailed."

[illegible] Baggen was [illegible] prevailed upon [illegible] athol, remembering the willing [illegible] turned away. Lucy it was whom [illegible] red, and Lucy only who wiped the sea-foam [illegible] ps and poured the reviving spirit in her mouth [illegible] forestall a portion of our history, and rid ours[illegible]

[illegible] of [illegible] r at- [illegible] ndent- [illegible] solicitor [illegible] ipally an [illegible] extent, the

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Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

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105 NASSAU ST. N.Y.

MRS. CONWAY'S
PARK THEATRE,
Opposite the City Hall, Brooklyn.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT, WITH A SUPERIOR COMPANY
In all the Standard Plays of the Drama. 40-4t*

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199 and 201 BOWERY, opposite Spring street.
COMBINATION OF ARTISTS.
Embracing the following great array of talent.
Read the names of the best performers ever brought together:
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YANKEE DOODLE.
NO ADVANCE IN PRICES. 42-tf

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN.
Every Phase of Minstrelsy legitimately performed by the following well known and unapproachable Artists:—
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J. A. HERMAN, G. PARKERSON,
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L. STANWOOD, J. GOMPERT,
C. FRUMMELL, T. SHERON,
B. C. NORTHRUP, LITTLE WILLIE GUY.
Doors open at 7; to commence at 8 o'clock.
Tickets 30 cents; Reserved, 50 cents; Private Boxes, $3.
39-tf E. GREENLAND, Agent.

SANFORD'S NEW OPERA HOUSE.
Race Street, between Second and Third,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
CHARLEY COLLINS, P. S. GERHART & JOE COOK,
Proprietors.
OPEN FOR THE SEASON
with the LARGEST and most able Troupe of Minstrels in the World.
COOK, COLLINS & GERHART'S
CHALLENGE MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND.
In conjunction with the above Troupe is
EDDIE NINO, THE GREAT CHILD WONDER,
IN HIS TERRIFIC ASCENSIONS.
N. B.—First-class performers can always have steady engagements by addressing or telegraphing, stating line of business, to
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Sanford's Opera House.
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AMONG THE MORMONS.
J. W. WILDER .... Manager.
THE GREAT ECCENTRIC HUMORIST
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Whose recent successes in
NEW YORK AND BOSTON,
are wholly unprecedented in the history of "Popular Lecturing" on this continent, will appear in the chief cities of the United States prior to his appearance in London in July.
Will "reveal" at
NEW HAVEN, Wednesday and Thursday, January 25th and 26th
BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Friday and Saturday, January 27th and 28th.
CONCERT HALL, PHILADELPHIA, one week, commencing Monday, January 30th.
WILMINGTON, Del., February 6th and 7th.
BALTIMORE, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, February 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th. 41-4t*tf

MISS KATHLEEN O'NEIL,
THE GREATEST
COMIC AND SERIO COMIC
CHARACTERISTIC VOCALIST
and
ACTRESS IN HER LINE
in
THE WORLD,
Will shortly be at liberty to accept engagements from managers of theatres and first class music halls. Apply to
DICK O'NEIL,
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GENESEO, ILLINOIS,
on the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, 160 miles west of Chicago, contains 3500 inhabitants. Sawyer's Hall was built in 1864, is fifty feet square, thirteen and a half to fourteen feet high, will hold six hundred persons, is well fitted for Shows, Concerts, &c.
J. A. SAWYER, Proprietor.
Geneseo, Ill., January 1, 1865. 40

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OPENED JANUARY 23d, by
ARLINGTON'S GREAT TROUPE
for two weeks. Artists of acknowledged ability always wanted for Variety Business. House will seat 1600 people. For engagement or business, address
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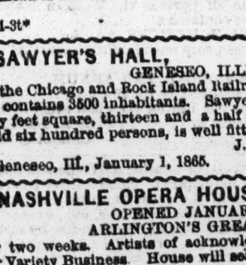

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At present with Hooley's Minstrels
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CARTES DE VISITE of all the BANJO PLAYERS (Professional) on or off the stage, for a new work. Those feeling inclined, will please send, with name, age, and any other particulars, to
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C. W. & R. LAKEMAN, Bill Posters,
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Best facilities for posting all kinds of show work in Brooklyn, Greenpoint, Williamsburg and surrounding places. Bill boards put up to order. 43-13t*

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CLOWN AND COMIC SINGER,
Is open for an
ENGAGEMENT WITH CIRCUS MANAGERS,
For the Season of 1865.
Address MELL CROWE,
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COSTUMES! COSTUMES!! COSTUMES!!!---
The undersigned having recently imported from Paris and London a magnificent set of WARDROBES, STAGE JEWELRY, WIGS, etc., are now prepared to supply Theatres and furnish Private Parties and Balls with anything in the above line.
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CONNER & LEA'S DRAMATIC AND COSTUME AGENCY, 25 WEST HOUSTON STREET, NEW YORK.
The most convenient location in the city for the above business, in the immediate vicinity of the Metropolitan Hotel and Revere House, the great resort of the professionals and business men. First Class Performers Photographed Gratis, and engaged for any part of the world. A Company wanted for Savannah.
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CLOG DANCERS. CLOG DANCERS.
GET ROBERTS' NEW IMPROVED STYLE DANCING CLOGS.
For reference see Tim Hayes' Clogs, used in Barnum's American Museum, January 25th. The styles at the different prices. Patent leather, with red ornamentals, same as Tim Hayes' $4; Red morocco, with same black ornaments, $5 50; Plain red, $4; Plain blk pat. leather, $4 50; Song and Dance Clogs, $3 50. Sent to any place by enclosing the price, with measure of foot, to W. ROBERTS, Clog Manufacturer, No. 96 Ninth avenue, N. Y. 43-2t

AMUSEMENTS.

SECOND ANNUAL TOUR
OF THE
MODEL ETHIOPIAN CONFEDERACY OF THE WORLD.
HAVERLY & MALLORY'S
GREAT COMBINATION MINSTRELS
AND
BRASS BAND.
22 TALENTED VOCALISTS, MUSICIANS, AND DELINEATORS OF ETHIOPIAN COMEDY.
SELECTED GEMS FROM THE GREAT AND UNAPPROACHABLE CONGRESS OF ETHIOPIAN ARTISTS.
OBSERVE OUR MAMMOTH CONSTELLATION OF POPULAR STARS:—
Miss SALLIE DUVAL, Mr. JOHNNY JUDGE,
Miss ELIZA DUVAL, Mr. FRANK B. WEST,
Miss NELLY HAYWOOD, Mr. O. P. SWEET,
Miss EVA BLANCHARD, Mr. EDWARD MAYO,
Miss NORA PYNE, Mr. HUGH HAMALL,
Miss EDNA WILLIS, Mr. HARRY CAUSLAND,
Mr. L. J. MAYO, Master BOBBY JUDGE,
Mr. CARL STRAUSS, Mr. M. BLESSINGER,
Mr. GEORGE FIELDS, Mr. ARTHUR FERGISON,
Mr. J. JONES, Mr. R. H. ARMSTRONG,
Mr. TOM WHITING, Mr. J. H. HAVERLY.
Mr. N. B. SHIMER, Mr. FRANK MONTFORD.
After a triumphal tour through the Canadas, British Provinces, and New England States, this popular company will soon return west to the scenes of their former successes, visiting the principal cities in Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri.
HAVERLY & MALLORY, Proprietors and Managers.
R. H. ARMSTRONG, Agent.
34-3m* JUDSON JONES, Assistant Agent.

REED & RILEY'S
KNOXVILLE
OPERA HOUSE,
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.
Sole Lessees and Proprietors,
EDWARD REED & THOMAS J. RILEY.
This establishment, capable of seating one thousand people, having been leased for one year by Messrs. Reed & Riley, is now open for the season, as a first class Variety and Dramatic Theatre.
Among the artists already engaged will be found
MISS JULIA DAWRON,
The Beautiful Lady Baritone and Comedienne;
MISS EMMA CHRISTIE,
The Accomplished Danseuse and Comedienne;
MISS IDA VARIAN,
The Accomplished Versatile Actress;
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The Renowned Song and Dance Man and Eccentric Comedian;
THOS. J. RILEY,
Comedian and Comic Vocalist;
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Juvenile and Light Comedy;
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The Popular Comedian and Character Actor;
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Leader of the Orchestra;
J. HAWKINS,
Pianist;
WILLIAM GATES,
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A. U. WOOD,
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HENRY YATES,
Leader of the Brass Band;
JOHN KERRIDGE,
Scenic Artist.
Artists of acknowledged ability desiring good engagements may address REED & RILEY
35-3m* Knoxville Opera House.

TO SHOWMEN.

J. BRUCE,
600 BROADWAY, N. Y.
FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED,
SO
HURRY UP
YOUR ORDERS.
J. BRUCE, 600 BROADWAY, N. Y.
N. B.—SCENERY,
PANORAMAS, DECORATIONS, SHOW PICTURES, &c., &c.,
PAINTED
on the
SHORTEST NOTICE
and in the
BEST MANNER. 42-6t*

LEAVENWORTH THEATRE.
Manager........................ W. H. COOLIDGE.
Applications from
FIRST-CLASS STARS
solicited. The present season expires with the month of June, 1865.
HENRY LINDEN,
42-6t Acting and Stage Manager.

DAN SETCHEL, Comedian, will commence at the
NEW OPERA HOUSE, COLUMBUS, Feb. 13th, 6 nights.
PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE, CINCINNATI, Feb. 20th, 12 nights.
PITTSBURGH THEATRE, PITTSBURG, March 6th, 6 nights.
VARIETIES THEATRE, NEW ORLEANS, March 27th, 18 nights.
MR. SETCHELL has added several new pieces to his repertoire, among which may be mentioned the sensational drama entitled: "WAITING FOR THE VERDICT," and an entirely original three act Comedy, entitled:
"ARTEMUS WARD, THE SHOWMAN."
Managers desiring to arrange for Mr. Setchell's appearance may address
H. ASHLEY,
Care of the Broadway Theatre,
41-tf cor. of Broadway and Broome sts., N. Y.

THEATRICAL, MINSTREL, AND EQUESTRIAN AGENCY.
The undersigned would most respectfully inform his friends and the profession in general, that he has opened an office for the transaction of business in any of the above lines, and from long experience and connection with first class companies, hopes to merit a fair share of patronage.
MANAGERS AND ARTISTS
treated with on
LIBERAL TERMS.
All communications promptly and faithfully attended to by addressing
FRANK EDWARDS,
833 Broadway,
41-3m Opposite Wallack's Theatre, New York.

ST. CHARLES STREET OPERA HOUSE,
74 ST. CHARLES STREET,
NEW ORLEANS.
ALLINSON & WOOD.............. LESSEES AND MANAGERS
OPEN FOR THE SEASON.
THE ÆOLIAN MINSTRELS
OF SIXTEEN ARTISTS,
In their Drawing Room Entertainments,
40- Every Evening and Saturday Afternoon.

ATTENTION, SHOWMEN!
THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
in the city of CLEVELAND, OHIO, will be LET for public entertainments during the recess of the theatrical season, from January 1st to about May 1st, 1865. This is the largest and best Hall in the city.
Applications should be made to
T. R. CHASE,
40-5t* No. 123 Superior street.

LA RUE'S
GREAT WAR SHOW,
THE WONDERFUL STRATOPATETICON; OR, WALKING ARMY,
[From the Tremont Theatre, Boston].
The most thrilling of all modern miracles, embracing an astounding combination of
NINETY THOUSAND MOVING AND ACTING FIGURES,
models of Men, Horses, Animals, Ships, etc., vividly re-enacting the principal battles, both by Sea and Land, of the great Southern Rebellion.
MR. D. C. LA RUE,
the greatest of living Humorists, will appear at each exhibition in his very amusing and laughable Comic Parlor Entertainments, entitled "LA RUE'S OLIO OF ODDITIES."
Will visit Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, and St. Paul, Minnesota, during the season of 1865.
41-3m CHAS. B. GRISTE, Agent.

ALL LETTERS for ORRIN & SEBASTIAN'S CIRCUS to be addressed at SANTIAGO DE CUBA for the next four weeks, as we do not expect to be in St. Thomas before the end of February. 42

TO EQUESTRIAN MANAGERS.
MADAME MACARTE,
the most finished Equestrienne in the world, can arrange for next Summer. Also, the extraordinary Comical Irish Dwarf Equestrian,
JONATHAN JACK,
who has just arrived from Europe, where he has for several seasons been the great card, and now playing in Cincinnati.
Address MADAME MACARTE,
42-3t CLIPPER Office.

PADUCAH THEATRE,
PADUCAH, KY.
This establishment, having undergone a thorough renovation, is now elegantly fitted up and open for the season, under the management of
MRS. FRANK GRAHAM,
With a full and efficient company.
Professionals of acknowledged ability may always apply.
Stars treated with. Address ED. S. TROVER,
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FOR SALE.--ONE TENT, 60 feet round top, top in 3 sections, sides 2 sections, 12 feet sides, with Guy Ropes and Side Poles all complete.
Made about three years ago, of the best Patapsco duck, but has been used only one week.
PRICE $1000, 16 Morgan street,
H. M. STONE, No. St. Louis, Mo.
41-3t*

HEWITT HALL, Ypsilanti, Michigan, now open for Concerts, Lectures and Exhibitions. This new and elegant Hall, ... rooms, large stage and footlights. Seats 800. ... HEWITT & BRO.

AMUSEMENTS.

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444 BROADWAY.
Manager .... R. W. BUTLER.
Stage Manager..... J. S. Maffit | D. Braham. Leader of Orchestra
Ballet Master..... Mons. Grossi | Treasurer......... J. Ammerman
BRILLIANT NOVELTIES
EVERY NIGHT, EVERY NIGHT
BUTLER'S
GREAT COMBINATION TROUPE,
consisting, as it does, of one of the largest organizations of talent ever brought together in any place of amusement in the world,
WILL APPEAR
IN A GRAND AND VARIED PROGRAMME.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON.
Doors open at 6; to commence at 7½ o'clock.
PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Parquet, 25 cents; Orchestra, 50 cents Gallery, 15 cents; Private Boxes, $5. 40

BISHOP'S VARIETIES,
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.
CARD.—I am happy to introduce to the public MR. JOSEPH HUNT as equal partner in the above establishment.
DECEMBER 26th, 1864. BRIGHAM BISHOP.
BISHOP & HUNT............................ Proprietors.
WM. SCOTT............................ Stage Manager.
L. E. WEYMOUTH............................ Treasurer.
NED STRAIGHT............................ Music Director.
EDDIE FOX............................ Leader of Orchestra.
This place has been open since the closing of the Pavillion, in October, and as ever, for talent and patronage, we are ahead of any military place of amusement. Our entertainments are of the most chaste character—quite unlike variety shows in common. Performance closes at 8½ o'clock every night, giving the people connected with the place a chance to have a social evening outside of business. No liquors are sold, and no performer employed who cannot get applause for their ARTISTIC MERIT.
The following artists are connected with the establishment and engaged till the first of March.
M'LLE ELSIE, NED STRAIGHT,
MISS LOTTIE HOWLAND, EDDIE FOX,
MISS LOUISE SWEATMAN, FRANK GERARD,
MRS. WM. SCOTT, SIG. DOMINIC DERAGO,
MR. WM. SCOTT, PROF. EILMAN,
MR. ADD. RYMAN, BILLY SWEATMAN,
SIG. C. CONSTANTINE, GEORGE STEINWAY,
W. F. BUST, JOHNNY MURPHY.
BOB LINDLEY,
WANTED—For the Spring Opening, TWO FINE DANCING GIRLS—the best—must be BEAUTIFUL. May address
BRIGHAM BISHOP, Quincy House, Boston,
till the 25th of Jan., then Earl's Hotel, New York, till Feb. 15th. Must be ready to leave on or about the 15th.
Also, WANTED—A FEW MALE PERFORMERS in any line—who are tip top in their role. We present at our place every variety of performance put upon the stage. 41-5t*

BERT'S NEW IDEA,
COMMERCIAL STREET, ABOVE KEARNY,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,
E. G. BERT .... Proprietor and Manager.
The Proprietor would respectfully call the attention of the Public and Profession to the fact that this
BEAUTIFUL AND COMMODIOUS
THEATRE
has been entirely re-fitted and decorated, making it the most comfortable as it is the most
POPULAR PLACE OF AMUSEMENT
on the Pacific Coast.
THE NEW IDEA IS OPEN NIGHTLY
with an
"ARRAY OF TALENT"
Superior to any Company ever combined in one Theatre west of the Rocky Mountains;
While the Entertainments consist of
OPERA, COMEDY, DRAMA, FARCE,
BALLET, MINSTRELSY, BURLESQUE, AND ACROBATIC.
Performers of acknowledged ability and reputation desiring to visit California, can enter into permanent engagements with the Proprietor, by applying to
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SHOW BILL PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD
CLARRY & REILLEY
(Successors to John E. Bacon,
PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
12 and 14 Spruce street, New York,
Pay particular attention to getting up all kinds of
FANCY SHOW BILLS
For traveling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
Suitable for Circuses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
☞ A deposit required on all work ordered.
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VARIETY MUSIC HALL AND THEATRE,
COMMERCIAL AVENUE BETWEEN 11th and 12th STREETS,
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This new and beautiful Temple of Amusement is now open to the public and in the full tide of success. The company already comprises forty star performers. The hall is nightly thronged with the elite and fashion of the city, and hundreds of persons are turned away, being unable to gain admission to this already popular and beautiful place of amusement.
PERFORMERS of acknowledged ability can always secure good and permanent engagements by addressing
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Proprietors Varieties Music Hall, and
Ivy Green Hotel, Cairo, Ill.
IVY GREEN HOTEL, COR. 12th ST., and COMMERCIAL AV. This fine New Hotel has just been opened for the accommodation of the public. All the furniture and fixtures are entirely new.
☞ In connection with the house is a splendid Bar, fitted out in the most modern style.
DICK McGOWAN will be happy to receive his old friends, both in and out of the Minstrel profession.
36.3t*,3m DICK McGOWAN & CO.

AMERICAN HALL,
HARTFORD, CONN.,
has been re-pahted and put in complete order, with Stage and Foot Lights. Seats 800. Will be rented for Concerts, Lectures, Exhibitions, &c. Address, C. C. OSBORN,
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BECKEL HALL, Dayton, Ohio.
This Hall, having been refitted with new Dressing Rooms, Scenery, foot and border light, can now be rented for Theatrical, Operatic, Concert or Lecture purposes, on application to
HENRY MILLER, Agent,
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THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE AND YOUNG FEMALE BRASS BAND,
AND, THE RENOWNED BERGER FAMILY,
20 IN NUMBER.
This truly celebrated company, a single act of whose performance is universally acknowledged by both the "Press" and the Public to be alone worth the price of admission, and in support of which (the "Zouave Drill") the manager hereby offers a challenge of one thousand ($1000) dollars to any like organization to compete with them; are now in the fourth year of one continued season, the triumph of which is a "household word" throughout the country.
During the present winter, they will appear in all the principal cities of the West and Southwest, previous to their appearance season in New York City, &c. J. HENEAGE CARTER,
Sole Proprietor and Manager.
L. M. W. STEERE, Agent. 38-3m*

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ST. LOUIS.
THIS VERY POPULAR ESTABLISHMENT,
AND THE LARGEST IN THE UNITED STATES, IS NOW IN THE
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First Class STARS treated with at all times. None others need apply JAMES CONNER & CO., Agents,
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G. C. CHARLES,
IRISH COMEDIAN.
Managers of first class theatres wishing to negotiate for the services of this favorite and popular Irish Comedian for six nights or more, will address
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MISS ANNIE WAITE,
THE POPULAR YOUNG ACTRESS,
is prepared to negotiate with managers for six, twelve, or more nights. Her repertoire is very extensive. Address, care of
WH. LEAK, Theatre, Elmira, N. Y.

MISS RACHEL JOHNSON,
THE YOUTHFUL AND GIFTED ARTISTE,
Will make a tour of the principal cities of the United States and Canadas.
The distinguished young actor
MR. B. MACAULY,
has been engaged to sustain her.
All letters to be addressed to
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WALLACK & DAVENPORT COMBINATION.
All business letters to the above be addressed to
AUG. S. PENNOYER,
Business Agent.
For whereabouts, see weekly Clipper. 39-

LILLIE MARDEN, the Popular Young COMEDIENNE and VOCALIST, in conjunction with the young American Comedian, CHARLIE WILKINSON, will soon make a tour of the principal cities, with a New and Novel Repertoire. Managers having 6, 12 or more nights, can address CHARLIE WILKINSON, Comedian, Rochester, N. Y. 41-4t*

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The following artists can at all times procure Engagements by applying at our office:—Leading Women, Leading Men, Walking Gents, Low Comedians, and Utility Men.
All business entrusted to us will be promptly attended to. Enclose stamp. DAVIS & CO.,
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THE GREAT WORLD EXHIBITION.
CHASE & NEWCOMB'S
SEVEN THOUSAND MOVING FIGURES
AND GIGANTIC
MUSEUM OF ART.
THE ONLY EXHIBITION OF THE KIND IN THE WHOLE WORLD,
Consisting of Models of entire Cities and Villages, with Factories, Work Shops, &c., all in operation; Steam Cars, Horses and Carriages, Men, Women and Children passing and repassing; the old Saw and Grist Mill, the Water Wheel in motion, with real Running Water. Workmen are seen at their different avocations.
BATTLE SCENES ON LAND AND SEA.
Full Rigged Ships, Gun Boats Mounted, and Armies of Soldiers armed and equipped, all moving with the most life-like precision.
Mr. Chase's Grand Mechanical Masterpiece,
THE LIFE OF A FIREMAN.
Scene in Broadway, New York, an exact model of Barnum's Museum, the Alarm, Running to the Fire, Exciting Race between two Companies, Fire discovered in Broadway.
TEN ENTIRE COMPANIES OF FIREMEN,
with their engines (perfect models) upon the stage, working their machines, with REAL FIRE AND SMOKE rolling up. Rescue of the Mother and Child from the flames, buildings falling in every direction, making the most gorgeous spectacle ever beheld, and eclipsing the most brilliant imagination.
PROF. W. F. GALE, ORGANIST AND PIANIST, and
F. H. SEYMOUR, BALLADIST,
will appear at each exhibition.
THIS GREAT WORK OF ART,
(Conceived and executed by Mr. C. S. CHASE,)
has been gotten up at an immense expense, and the manager takes great pleasure in presenting it for public inspection. For Route see each week's Clipper. CHASE & NEWCOMB,
J. D. NEWCOMB, Manager. Proprietors.
C. JENKINS, Treas'r. [35-tf] W. H. A. TOBEY, Agent.

CASINO! CASINO!! CASINO!!!
Chestnut Street, above Sixth, Philadelphia,
OPENED FOR THE SEASON.
The proprietor would respectfully call the attention of the public and the profession to the fact that this is the
ONLY HALL OPEN IN PHILADELPHIA.
The acknowledged
GREAT VARIETY THEATRE OF THE AGE.
COMBINATION OF STAR ARTISTS,
whose professional abilities have been acknowledged by the press and the public in all the
PRINCIPAL CITIES IN AMERICA,
who appear nightly in a
MAMMOTH ENTERTAINMENT,
comprising BEAUTIFUL BALLETS, BURLESQUES, ETHIOPIAN ACTS, COMIC VOCALISM, PANTOMIMES, CLOG DANCING, GYMNASTIC, GEMS OF THE OPERA, MINSTRELSY, ETC., ETC.
GOOD PERFORMERS can always have good salaries by addressing as above DICK O'NEIL, Acting Manager.
42-tf JAMES PILGRIM, Stage Manager.

RETURNING TO THE NEW ENGLAND STATES
once more after a most brilliant and successful tour through the Lower and Upper Canadas, and the West
COMPETITION AND IMITATORS OUTDONE,
by the famous and gigantic
DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS,
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE, AND BRASS BAND,
the model troupe of the world, consisting of twenty-five unapproachable, brilliant
ETHIOPIAN STARS,
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The Management beg to inform the public and profession generally that the highest order of talent, and that which is of the most cultivated nature, meets with its due meed of appreciation at this house, the audiences being of the most refined class, giving an opportunity for those artists who have hitherto held themselves aloof from this branch of the business to embark in it with safety. Applications to be made as above. 34-tf

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Stabling for 100 horses. 20-6m

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A continued succession of the
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